

THE
LADIES' MUSEUM.

MARCH, 1829.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE grave had hardly closed over the remains of this distinguished poet when the world, which had neglected him whilst living, seemed eager to do honour to his memory. Time has served only to increase the enthusiasm which his genius ought sooner to have excited. A mausoleum has been reared over his dust; splendid monuments have been consecrated to his fame in various places; and the street in which he died is now called by his name. The highest names in literature have not hesitated to become his panegyrists and commentators; and six memoirs of his life have successively appeared. Mr. Lockhart, the son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, and the able editor of the Quarterly Review, has been his last biographer, and the first article in the last Edinburgh Review is devoted to an elaborate criticism on the genius of his writings. We thought that a well-executed portrait of the poet could not, at this moment, be unacceptable to our readers.

Robert Burns was born in a clay-built cottage, near the town of Ayr, on the 25th of January, 1759. His father was a small farmer, and gave his son that kind of education which was then usually bestowed upon the children of the better sort of Scottish peasantry. Robert assisted in the business of his father's farm, but, amidst the toil to which he appeared doomed, he found leisure to woo the muse before he was sixteen. The earliest of the poet's productions is the little ballad,

"O once I loved a bonnie lass,
Ay, and I love her still,
And whilst that honour warms my breast,
I'll love my handsome Nell," &c.

Burns himself characterizes it as "a very puerile and silly performance;" yet it contains here and there lines of which he need hardly have been ashamed at any period of his life:—

"She dresses aye sae clean and neat,
Baith decent and genteel,
And then there's something in her gait
Gars ony dress look weel."

"Silly and puerile as it is," said the poet, long afterwards, "I am always pleased with this song, as it recalls to my mind those happy days when my heart was yet honest, and my tongue sincere—I composed it in a wild enthusiasm of passion, and to this hour

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I never recollect it but my heart melts, my blood sallies, at the remembrance."

The business of the farm not proving very profitable, Burns, in the hope of bettering his condition, removed to the little town of Irvine, and turned flax-dresser. In this trade he proved unsuccessful, and once more he became an agriculturist. For four years he led a life of the greatest industry, but his fame as a poet having been spread through the country, his society was courted by those whose company was by no means calculated to confirm his temperate habits. The prospect which his agricultural pursuits held out being uncheering, he resolved on emigrating to the West Indies, and an event occurred which prompted his departure. Miss Jane Armour, who still survives as the respected widow of our poet, had long received his addresses; they were both imprudent, and, to avert the disgrace which threatened them, Burns, with the tenderness and manliness of upright feeling, consented to an irregular marriage. The disclosure was deferred to the last moment, and it was received by the father of Miss Armour with equal surprise and anger. Burns, confessing himself to be unequal to the maintenance of a family, proposed to go immediately to Jamaica, where he hoped to find better fortunes. He offered, if this were rejected, to abandon his farm, which was by this time a hopeless concern, and earn bread, at least, for his wife and children as a daily labourer at home: but nothing could appease the indignation of Armour, who, Professor Walker hints, had entertained previously a very bad opinion of Burns's whole character. By what arguments he prevailed on his daughter to take so strange and so painful a step we know not; but the fact is certain, that, at his urgent entreaty, she destroyed the document, which must have been to her the most precious of her possessions—the only evidence of her marriage.

It was under these extraordinary circumstances that Miss Armour became the mother of twins.

Burns's love and pride, the two most powerful feelings of his mind, had been equally wounded. His anger and grief together drove him, according to every account, to the verge of absolute insanity; and some of his letters on this occasion, both published and unpublished, have certainly all the appearance of having been written in as deep a concentration of despair as ever preceded the most awful of human calamities. His first thought had been to fly at once from the scene of his disgrace and misery; and this course seemed now to be absolutely necessary. He was summoned to find security for the maintenance of the children whom he was

prevented from legitimating, and such was his poverty that he could not satisfy the parish-officers.

Jamaica was now his mark, and after some little time, and not a little trouble, the situation of assistant-overseer on the estate of a Dr. Douglas, in that colony, was procured for him by one of his friends in the town of Irvine. Money to pay for his passage, however, he had not: and it at last occurred to him that the few pounds requisite for this purpose, might be raised by the publication of some of the finest poems that ever delighted mankind.

Their fame, in a few months, reached the Scottish metropolis, and hither the poet was soon invited by the reigning literati of the place. The reception he experienced on his arrival was flattering in the extreme, and he was admitted to the very best and most learned society of the place. "It needs no effort of imagination," says Mr. Lockhart, "to conceive what the sensations of an isolated set of scholars (almost all either clergymen or professors) must have been in the presence of this big-boned, black-browed, brawny stranger, with his great flashing eyes, who, having forced his way among them from the plough-tail, at a single stride, manifested, in the whole strain of his bearing and conversation, a most thorough conviction that in the society of the most eminent men of his nation, he was exactly where he was entitled to be; hardly deigned to flatter them by exhibiting even an occasional symptom of being flattered by their notice; by turns calmly measured himself against the most cultivated understandings of his time in discussion; overpowered the *bon mots* of the most celebrated convivialists by broad floods of merriment, impregnated with all the burning life of genius; astounded bosoms habitually enveloped in the thrice-piled folds of social reserve, by compelling them to tremble—nay to tremble visibly—beneath the fearless touch of natural pathos; and all this without indicating the smallest willingness to be ranked among those professional ministers of excitement, who are content to be paid in money and smiles for doing what the spectators and auditors would be ashamed of doing in their own persons, even if they had the power of doing it."

The result of the enthusiasm which the inspired rustic excited was a very extensive patronage. His poems were brought out in a more creditable form, and, with the profits which they realized, he erected a monument over the remains of the unfortunate poet Ferguson; and bestowed on his mother and brother a gift far beyond their expectancy. His next act was not less noble: Jean Armour had been ejected from her father's house, and, on receiv-

ing the intelligence, Burns lost no time in once more, and more solemnly, uniting his fate with hers.

He now renewed his resolutions of industry and temperance, took a farm called Elliesland, and was appointed to the situation of an excise-officer. In the discharge of duties somewhat incompatible the poet was by no means successful, and, after a variety of disappointments, he removed his family to Dumfries, his only resource being his income as an exciseman. His course of life was now far from temperate or happy; and, owing to illness superinduced by poverty and dissipation, he closed his brief career on the 21st of July, 1796. The inhabitants of Dumfries paid to his remains every possible honour.

Burns first came upon the world as a prodigy; and was in that character entertained by it—caressed for a few months, and neglected for years. His death again awakened an enthusiasm for him, the continuance of which proves that he was no common man, and that he is entitled to rank as the first of Scottish poets.

THE MAYOR OF GALWAY;

A TALE OF IRISH HISTORY.

By the Author of "Tales of Irish Life."

THE rays of the summer sun danced joyously on the waves of the Atlantic, as a vessel, with all her canvass spread to the faint breeze, neared the western coast of Ireland. The mariners congratulated each other on the near termination of their voyage; and there leaned over the gunwale, two youths, gazing anxiously, and with apparent delight, upon the distant hills of Connaught. "The highlands opposite, Gomez," said one of them, "form what are called the Joyce's and the O'Flaherty's country; like their inhabitants, you may see that they are wild and rugged, and incapable of cultivation."

"I have heard often, Henry," said Gomez, "my father relate many a story of the country and the people, and if he don't belie your townsmen, these same O'Flahertys have often filled your city with terror."

"True, in times of commotion, they have visited us in their usual manner, with wild fury, and savage barbarity. Indeed, a predecessor of my father, the present mayor of Galway, in a spirit of piety had inscribed over one of the city gates the deprecating sentence, "O God save us from the cruel O'Flahertys." Averse to innovation, my father has allowed this inscription to remain,

but he has taught the Irish enemy to apprehend more from his arm than from his prayers,"

"A necessary policy, no doubt; for my father, who hears, you know, the Irish name of Sullivan, is by no means partial to the proceedings of his countrymen: their warlike and unsettled habits are opposed to his ideas of trade and industry; and, for his part, he holds in laudable abhorrence their family pride and want of commercial wealth. But still you know the Irish blood prevails over the settled disposition of the merchant, and not unfrequently vaunts of the untired spirit of resistance which they have manifested against their English rulers"—

"Hush! Gomez," interrupted Henry, "not a word against our Saxon justice. The men of Galway pride themselves on being decidedly English. My grandfather, though born in the parish of Mary's, has recorded on his tombstone that he was not *Irish*, and my father William Lynch, Mayor of yonder good town, is not less vain of his Saxon origin."

"And you, Henry," replied Gomez Sullivan, "have sadly degenerated."

"How?" demanded Henry in a serious tone.

"By only falling in love with the fair daughter of an Irish chief—that's all."

"My dear friend Gomez," said Henry, blushing, "I am, as my father is, heart and soul, English; but when you see Margaret Joyce, Heaven guard her! a very few words will justify my conduct. But the truth is, she can hardly be called Irish. While yet an infant, she was the inmate of my father's house. Her father was killed, his clan was dispersed; and happening to be nursed by the women who watched over the infancy of my sister Maria, my father, compassionating her situation, took charge of the orphan. With a generosity natural to him, though of a stern and unyielding disposition, he had the little Margaret educated along with my sister. She acquired the same accomplishments, grew up at least equally lovely, and with a mind even more beautiful than her person.—You smile—but a few hours will enable you to judge for yourself. She is all the most extravagant lover could desire."

"And of course," said Gomez, "has many admirers beside my friend Henry Lynch."

"You wrong her, Gomez, Margaret is totally incapable of coquetry—she has a mind above such arts—mean in themselves, and indicative of a narrow intellect. From childhood we have lived only for each other; and when my father sent me, two years since,

to your counting-house at Seville, for the purpose of gaining a more extensive knowledge of trade, Margaret gave me her portrait, which I have ever since worn next my heart, and which I long to compare with the beautiful original to see what changes time may have made. Her person I should think, for she was then only eighteen, has become more rounded and graceful, her carriage—but,” said he, interrupting himself, on seeing a smile playing about the lips of his friend, “you never loved, and cannot appreciate the rapture of those feelings which agitate me as I approach my native city where all I love is centred—and see the churches become distinctly visible.—We have passed the isle of Arran, and shall in a very short time, be along-side the quay of Galway.”

The bay of Galway is perhaps one of the most beautiful ocean inlets in Ireland; the view on each side is grand in the extreme, and the distant mountains, barely visible in the blue horizon, add considerably to the sublimity of what painters would call the picture which the scene presents. Henry, though somewhat chagrined at the cold manner with which the description of his mistress was received by his young friend, exerted himself to gratify the curiosity which the different objects around excited in the mind of Gomez, but before he could reply to one fourth of his enquiries, the good ship Betsey came to anchor. A boat from shore was instantly along-side, and the youthful pair were quickly rowed to a place of landing.

Galway was then a place of considerable consequence: it was one of the principal towns in Ireland; and its citizens were possessed of peculiar privileges, one of these was the right—or something approaching to it—of monopolizing the wine trade; and this necessarily rendered the intercourse between them and Spain so intimate, that the distance was supposed to have been in some measure annihilated. When a London merchant had occasion to write to his Connaught correspondent, he directed to “Galway, near Spain.” The consequence was, that Galway became a kind of Spanish colony: their manners were Spanish, and their houses, as may be seen at the present day, were erected after the Spanish fashion. On passing through the city, therefore, no great novelty presented itself to the eyes of young Sullivan; every thing he saw tended to remind him of home; for the Irish were sedulously excluded: the garrison, for such it really was, maintained itself in the midst of the enemy’s country; and though surrounded by walls, its defence mainly depended on the military bravery of the citizens.

In the principal street stood the house of the worthy mayor, and that civic officer received his only son with affectionate gladness, and cordially welcomed young Sullivan to Galway. "Your father," he said, addressing Gomez, "wishes you to remain here for some time; and when completely recovered from the fatigue of the voyage, he expects that you will take your place in the counting house, the better to qualify yourself for the future agency of the Irish merchants. And now," continued his worship, "allow me to present you to my daughter and her gladsome friend—an orphan, Mr. Sullivan, who has shared our bounty since her childhood."

The worthy chief-magistrate was about fifty years of age; his countenance bore evidence to the healthy temperance of his life; and the ruddy freshness which was diffused over his face did not banish those lines of deep thought which furrowed his brow. Henry had often drawn for his young friend a picture of his father, and Gomez, as he now attentively looked at the worshipful mayor, could not hesitate to believe that he was indeed a man of stern honesty and great determination."

With the ease of one accustomed to the civilities of life, his worship conducted the youths to the drawing room, it was occupied by Maria and her fair friend; and the moment Henry called on them by name, his sister, with affectionate impetuosity, flew into his arms: Margaret was less precipitate; but her looks of undisguised gladness declared that her joy was not less sincere. When the tumultuous feelings of the moment had subsided, Gomez was more formally introduced; the ladies welcomed, with artless sincerity, their brother's friend; and such was their unaffected manners and gaiety of heart that he quickly found himself almost in love with them both. Margaret he thought justified the praise Henry had been so constantly bestowing upon her, but to his mind Maria was the more perfect beauty.

The first three weeks of Gomez Sullivan's visit were occupied in those amusements which are most grateful to young people; he was invited successively to the houses of the principal merchants; he attended the civic shows and festivals; and he ventured into the country. On all occasions he was attended by Henry and the young ladies, and he found himself every day more and more indisposed for encountering the business of the counting house. The gentle influence of woman's presence had operated on his heart, and without knowing why, or interrogating his own breast on the subject, he was—deeply in love. He felt all that indistinct and confused happiness of being near the object most dear to him, but his emotions were too fierce and abrupt to allow his breast

that calm repose, which a man, satisfied with himself and others, is disposed to feel. There is in love no tranquillity ; whilst a single doubt can gain admission, the timid lover—and who loves sincerely that is not timid?—dares not seek the truth—he lives in all the uncertainty of hope, rather than provoke his fate by a single interrogatory to the object of his love. The more his affections and imagination—for fancy has much to do in the business—exalt his mistress ; the more humbly he thinks of himself—the comparison which forces itself upon him is disadvantageous to his self-love, and persuaded of his unworthiness, he lives in all the torments which alternate hope and fear can inflict, and would die with the unspoken word upon his lips, unless some kind friend, or some unlooked-for accident, revealed his meaning.

Such at least was the feeling of Gomez Sullivan ; he was miserable when absent from the society of the fair inmates of the mayor's house, but he had no sooner found himself in their company than he was unaccountably silent, unless when the subject of conversation was foreign to the business of his heart. When rallied he blushed ; and when alone with Margaret, he could discourse with his wonted fluency. This Henry Lynch had long observed ; he watched the movements of his friend with a tremulous anxiety ; and at length persuaded himself that the young Spaniard wanted to supplant him in the affections of his mistress. With the impatience of incipient jealousy he taxed Margaret with her inconstancy, and her reply only served to increase the flame that consumed him. He, in his turn, became thoughtful and silent : he chose to be much alone, and avoided as much as possible the company of Gomez :—Maria and her playful friend laughed at both.

It happened that about this time one of the most fashionable ladies of Galway gave a fancy-ball, at which the mayor and his family promised to attend. The dresses of the younger party were chosen with some care, and all were different. Maria was habited as a shepherdess, and Margaret assumed the more stately and not less becoming garments of an Irish princess. Henry gazed on her as he led her to the ball, and he thought she never looked more lovely ; but then she no longer loved him, as he supposed, and his heart maddened at the thought—his blood boiled tumultuously through his veins, and disdaining the society of one who could so grievously wrong him, he abruptly quitted her side, and hid himself amongst the crowd of maskers who were now assembled.

In the course of the night he missed the Irish princess from

the ball-room; and he looked in vain for Gomez amongst the dancers. Suspecting that they had retired in company to the garden, he drew a mantle about him and descended a flight of steps that led to a parterre, which communicated with the garden. By the moonlight, which now "silvered o'er the scene," he distinctly saw two figures enter the summer-house, and, drawing near cautiously, he overheard Gomez breathing the most ardent sentiments into the willing ear of the lady at whose feet he was kneeling. Henry's eyes almost started from their sockets, his hand instinctively grasped his sword; and when he had satisfied himself that the fair one wore the dress which Margaret had assumed but a few hours before, his jealous rage overpowered him; he rushed upon his friend, and before any explanation could possibly take place, his sword was stained with Sullivan's heart's-blood! The lady gave one deafening scream, and in the sound Henry discovered not the tone of Margaret's voice, but that of his sister, and on turning to look at her, the moon-beams revealed to him those features which left no room to doubt that he had done his friend a horrible wrong.

Before he could recover from the stupor into which a sense of his crime, and the conviction of his mistake, had thrown him, the host and his servants had entered the garden. Henry did not seek to avoid discovery; he openly avowed the cruel deed, and from his sister's lips he now learned that she had only just exchanged dresses with Margaret in mere frolic, and that her fair friend had never been the object of Sullivan's attention. She was only the medium through which he had first conveyed his sentiments, and that evening was the first time he had ever unbosomed himself to Maria.

What was now to be done. The inflexible justice of the mayor left no doubt on their minds respecting the course he would undoubtedly pursue, and the only way therefore left was for Henry to fly to the country of the Irish until means were taken to disarm the severity of the law. The young man, with evident reluctance, yielded to this advice; the garden-door was open, he was provided with the watch-word, and half an hour after he had been a murderer saw him a fugitive without the city walls.

When the sad intelligence was conveyed to the mayor, he felt as a father, but he acted as became the chief magistrate of a prosperous town. He commanded the culprit to be brought before him; for he held the scales of life and death in Galway; and when he learned that he had fled, he offered an ample reward for his apprehension. No one, however, thought of earning this

money—the young man had won for himself the esteem of his fellow citizens; and much as they condemned his crime, they were not unwilling to acknowledge that it admitted of many palliations. The impetuosity of his youth; the vehemence of his jealous dislike; and the excitation of the moment, were taken as so many apologies for the rash deed; and although they thought he ought not to go entirely unpunished, they conceived that the blood of his friend, the ruin of his sister's hopes, and his own blasted prospects, were sufficient to make life to him any thing but enviable.

In the mean time the wretched fugitive, oppressed with a sense of his crime, had sought an asylum in the country of the O'Flahertys. The ceanfinny, or head of the tribe, received him at first with the rough courtesies of uncivilised hospitality; but when Henry had detailed the circumstances under which he sought his protection, the look of rude and careless revelry which sat habitually on his furrowed countenance, gave place to indications of fierce passions, as if some dark purpose had cast its shadow on his mind. He seemed, for some minutes, lost in thought, and on recovering from his reverie, he grasped Henry by the hand, and whilst his eyes looked as if they could penetrate his very soul, he held him at the full length of his brawny arm. "Young man," said he, in a tone of deep solemnity, "I had a son, on whose manly brow was stamped the maturity of just twenty summers. He was about your size, but more compact—more Irish. These eyes beheld him with a father's fondness; and this old heart rejoiced in his presence; because he was the pride of all our race: he longed to make the deeds of other men his own; he shamed our bravest kerns where danger tempted; and he was wise beyond the sagarth's* wisdom. At the social board he drained the bowl without feeling its effects, and the fairest of Ireland's daughters essayed to look most lovely in his eyes. Such, Sassanach, was my boy. One morning, tempted by Saxon promises, he entered your city—a purse-proud chapman provoked his wrath, and the wretch fell beneath his hand. He was seized—tried—condemned. One they call a justice—a mayor—your father," he continued in great agitation, "signed his death warrant—and doomed the pride of his race to die a felon's death—to swing, a thing of scorn, upon your gallows-tree, and feast with his delicate flesh the ravenous fowls of air. Oh! God, that I lived to see that day! Where," he exclaimed abruptly, letting go Henry's hand, and pacing up and

* The priest.

down, "where O'Flahertys were your good swords then! A blight had fallen upon our arms—the tribe shrunk from your ramparts—a coward's subterfuge—and I alone entered your city. I sought your chief brehon—he looked humane—his eye appeared as if it held communication with his heart—seemed to melt in pity, when his bosom throbbed at the calls of humanity, but I was mistaken—his was the serpent's beauty, but not the lion's magnanimity—he was inflexible. I tempted his avarice—your Saxon loves money—offered twenty cumals of cows,* the golden colour of our ancestors, but all in vain, he persisted in his judgment. I then promised to swear an alliance with your hated race, but my friendship he scorned, and it was not till then that I—oh, sad disgrace! humbled myself at his feet. I besought his pity, thought to move him by a father's tears—I clasped his knees, I kissed the dust he stood on, but all in vain. He merely said, the calls of justice must be obeyed.

"I started to my feet, I breathed a curse upon his race, regained my hills, obtested heaven for the means of vengeance—I have it—I'll break his heart as he broke mine—I'll see if he *dare* do justice—and you—you are my victim!" saying this, he pounced upon Henry with a tiger-spring, and almost instantly proceeded to convey the wretched youth back to Galway.

When he arrived at the city gates, he said, "I seek your chief magistrate on an affair of importance," and he was instantly admitted. The mayor was then dispensing justice in the town-hall, and thither the ceanfinny proceeded. "One," said he, addressing the judge in a tone of irony, "who admires the Brutus-like impartiality of your decisions, claims your interference in a matter of great moment. A stranger has been assassinated, and the assassin is in custody."

"Produce the culprit," said the mayor, and Henry, his hands held by two bare-headed kerns, walked into court. The mayor started; the feelings of the parent for a moment predominated over those of the justice, and it was some minutes before he recovered his wonted composure. "Saxon justice," said the Irish chieftain, "is, we are told, blind, and incapable of partiality."

"Silence!" said the mayor, "we shall do our duty—let a jury be sworn."

The trial soon proceeded, the evidence was conclusive, and the father was called on to pronounce sentence of death upon an only and beloved son. The people felt for their chief magistrate, and vociferously called out for mercy; but the judge was not to be diverted from his purpose: he would not avail himself of public

* A cumal was equal to three cows.

opinion to save his child,—his character was at stake, and he did his duty; he pronounced the fatal verdict, and the culprit was consigned to his cell.

We shall not obtrude upon the anguish of that moment; the wretched youth knew too well the inflexibility of his father to hope for pardon; but while he was preparing for the awful summons, his townsmen were loud in their petitions for mercy. The mayor, however, was deaf to their entreaties, but when the fatal hour approached he had reason to apprehend an attempt at rescue; and he had the more reason to prepare against a riot, when he learned that Margaret had quitted the city and besought the chivalry of her kindred, the Joyces, to save her lover.

These were circumstances which the father would have availed himself of, had not the character of the judge been implicated. The mayor felt as a parent; but he resolved to act as became his character for impartiality and justice.

Early on the fatal morning the city was thronged with the Joyces, and their presence, for once, excited no feelings of hostility in the people. Once more the mayor was importuned for the pardon of his son; and when he had refused to accede to the popular prayer for mercy, the mob marched *en masse* for the prison. The chief magistrate, alarmed for the ends of justice, entered the gaol by a back entrance, and called upon his son to follow him; the youth, who had made up his mind to die, obeyed the parental mandate; and when the populace entered his cell they found him absent. Their fury now became boundless; they called riotously for the youth, and proceeded to demolish the prison. They had hardly, however, commenced the work of destruction, when to their horror, they saw suspended from an upper window in the mayor's house the fair form of the culprit. The father himself had been the executioner.

The feeling of horror, however, soon gave way to one of admiration. No one doubted the parental kindness, and it was soon evident, that in performing an act of justice the mayor had done the utmost violence to his own heart. He sickened, and a few days saw him borne to the tomb.* His daughter and her fair friend could no longer enjoy a world in which their happiness had been so prematurely blasted, and, therefore, hid themselves and their sorrows in a convent.

* In Hardiman's admirable History of Galway, a plate of the mayor's house is given. Under the window where the youth was executed, was placed a tablet, on which were engraved a skull and bones. It may still be seen there.

THE FEAST OF ST. DENYS.

It was a gloomy evening in the month of October, that a travelling chariot stopped opposite the principal entrance to the Convent de St. Reux, in the suburbs of Paris. The great bell tolled long and loudly, and when at length the porter opened the ponderous gates and demanded the cause of his summons, a female voice from the carriage, in haughty tones, requested instant admission to the abbess. Without waiting for a reply, she descended from her vehicle, slowly followed by another person, enveloped, like herself, in a large cloak and hood, which completely screened her from observation. A lay sister stood at the inner door, holding in her hand a glimmering lamp, with which she silently guided the strangers to the apartment of the superior, and placing the light upon the table, retired.

The Abbess de St. Reux, surrounded by the nuns and novices of her order, was at that moment attending vespers in the chapel of the convent. Her hands were devoutly crossed on her bosom, and her veil was flung back, so as to display her high forehead, and dark eyes, now raised upwards, as if in the intensity of her devotion she already penetrated beyond the mists of mortality. None could behold that pale and lofty countenance without a mixture of sublime awe and admiration. She stood calm and unmoved in the midst of the assembly, her stately figure towering over the rest, like the presiding priestess of the place. She alone was silent, whilst on all sides was heard the sweet harmony of choral voices, attuned to the solemn, pealing notes of the organ. As the last sounds vibrated in gentle murmurs through the cloistered aisles, and then died away into a soft and mournful silence, the superior slowly turned to depart, and was met at the entrance of the chapel by the lay-sister, who, in a few words, explained the cause of her absence.

The abbess paused a moment to adjust her veil, and then, with measured steps, crossed the gallery which led to the apartment, where her approach was anxiously awaited by one of the strangers. It was her who had spoken from the carriage, and who now paced the vaulted chamber in a restless and perturbed manner. Slightly and haughtily she returned the courteous salutation of the superior, at the same time shrouding her face still more closely in her hood. The lady of St. Reux, motioned to a chair, and waved her hand, as if in expectation of the silence being broken. Thrice the stranger essayed to speak, but as often her voice failed, and at length, with a convulsive movement, she pointed to a low couch at the further end of the apartment. Instinctively the abbess

turned also, and beheld a half-reclining figure, completely enveloped, like her companion, with the exception of a hand and arm of the most exquisite symmetry, which supported her drooping head. At that moment a faint, infantine cry was heard; the abbess started, and it was then she first perceived, that in the rich mantle which hung over the knee of the younger stranger, a child was enveloped.

"Poor little innocent!" was the first exclamation of the astonished superior, as she involuntarily drew near the couch, "Sancta Maria preserve thee!"

"Amen!" was solemnly and mournfully responded by her who held the infant, as with trembling eagerness she pressed it to her bosom.

"That child," said the eldest stranger, who now stood by the side of the lady of Reux, "it is of her I would speak;" and in a voice broken, and sometimes nearly indistinct she entreated for the infant the protection of the convent. "Her parents," she said, "are noble, but very unfortunate; and it may be, it is more than probable, they may never be able to reclaim their child; in this retreat, she will, however, remain secure, and should she, at some future period, wish to become a professed member of your house, it is our desire that such an idea be encouraged, though without any compulsory measures. Better, far better, for her never to enter a world, where the cup of bitterness far out-balances every enjoyment! You hesitate, holy mother, surely you will not refuse protection to a helpless innocent, who, but for your aid, may be doomed to perish an outcast and an alien. By those papers you will find that your convent is endowed with an annual sum, which will be duly remitted to you by a banker of Paris, besides which, here are notes to a considerable amount, which will defray the early expences of the infant."

The abbess took the offered notes and papers, and drawing near the lamp, examined them attentively for some time; she then placed them in her girdle and bowed her head in token that she accepted the charge. The elder stranger then drew near the couch and whispered some words to the female, who still hung over the child, whom she had gently rocked to sleep on her knee: a wild cry and hysteric sob was the only answer she received. "As you value your future peace, resign it to its new guardian!" she exclaimed somewhat sternly, and at these words the abbess came forward, and extended her arms to receive the child, which was immediately given to her by the haughty female, who, without glancing at it, was about to hurry her companion away, saying,

"Our mission is ended, and time wears apace!" Not so, however, could she, who had hitherto been so silent, part with the child: with a strong effort she disengaged herself from the grasp that would have forced her away, and stretching out her arms, again caught the infant to her bosom, but in so doing, her cloak and hood fell back, and discovered the figure and features of a young and very lovely woman. The poor infant, awakened from its short slumber, cried piteously, and forgetful of every thing but it, the beautiful mother tried to hush it to rest, gently murmuring, "O! I can never, never part with it!"

"Remember the conditions!" exclaimed a deep and stern voice behind. At these seemingly well known and dreaded tones, she hastily imprinted a wild and fervent kiss on the lips of the child, and with a look of agony restored it to the abbess. Once more she drew her cloak around her, and without venturing another glance, sprang out of the apartment. The next moment the door of the chariot was heard to close, and the strangers drove rapidly away.

Time rolled on, to the troubled inhabitants of the world replete with how many direful changes and heart-rending events, whilst to the peaceful inmates of St. Reux, it might be supposed that their ancient walls screened them alike from the fury of the elements and the rage of contending humanity.

About seven years after the event just recorded, a gentleman of commanding aspect and prepossessing appearance, wearing an English uniform, presented himself at the grate of the convent, and enquired whether a child of the name of Julia, who had been placed there when an infant, was still living. Being answered in the affirmative, he requested to see her, and presently the abbess de St. Reux appeared, leading by the hand a beautiful little girl, whose large, blue eyes danced with delight on being informed some one had called to see her. Whilst the abbess was replying to the interrogations of the officer, the child hung timidly back, but when he looked earnestly at her, and called her by name, with many endearing epithets, the colour rose in her cheeks, and she suddenly left the side of the abbess and ran close up to the grate, artlessly enquiring if he were not her papa.

"Why, my sweet child, why do you ask?" said the gentleman, evidently much affected.

"Oh!" she replied, "because I should so love you, if you were, for all the boarders love their papas and mamas, and they say I

have neither, do say you are my papa, and I will tell them all, and I shall be so happy."

"Who would not be proud of so lovely a child!" exclaimed the gentleman, in a tone of deep feeling, "but indeed my love, you are mistaken, I am not so happy as to claim you."

Julia hung her pretty lip, and with tearful eyes again clung to the abbess.

"What other name has this sweet child?" enquired the stranger.

"I forgot to enquire her other till it was too late," said the abbess, "and as we were celebrating the Feast of St. Denys, the evening she arrived, I named her in honour of the day."

"Julia St. Denys," said the stranger thoughtfully.—"Poor child! How hard so soon to lose the protection of her relatives,—come hither my little girl, and tell me you love me, for already I feel an affection for you."

"I do love you," said the child, "because you are the first person who ever came to ask after poor Julia, and all the boarders, but we have had friends to see them and then you look so good, I am sure you will be kind to me. Oh, pray let me call you my papa!"

"If you call me your friend, Julia, will not that please you as well?"

"No, indeed, for good father Bertram says he is my friend, and so does the old abbé, but I have no papa."

"Sweet child! would that I could call you mine. But tell me, is there any thing you want? I will give you any thing you desire."

The child shook her curly locks, and said, "I have nothing to ask, for our good mother loves me and will give me any thing I wish; and sister Agnes plays with me, and dresses my dolls, and teaches me to read. Oh! I was so pleased when they told me some one wanted me at the grate; and the ladies said directly, 'Now, Julia, your parents are come to see you at last;' what can I say to them?"

"Tell them, my child, that a friend has called who loves you dearly, and who promises, some time or other, to tell you who your parents are."

"When! when will that time be?" eagerly enquired the child.

"Sooner, perhaps, than you may wish," replied the stranger, deeply sighing: "Farewell, my love, may the blessing of the Almighty attend you!" and saying a few words to the abbess, in a lower tone, he disappeared from the grate.

A period of eight years elapsed, yet, during that time, amongst the numerous visitants at the grate, the name of Julia St. Denys was never enquired after. Julia, however, had not forgotten the eventful day on which she beheld the stranger; that day seemed to date a new era in her existence, and she had fondly treasured up in her youthful mind every event connected with it. She was not then quite desolate in the world; some one loved her dearly, for he had told her so, and she must have parents living, or why did he promise to tell her who they were? Joined to a person of the most feminine loveliness, Julia possessed warm affections and an uncommon degree of sensibility, which was fostered, rather than restrained, by the treatment she met with. It was generally believed in the convent that she was an orphan, and the circumstance of her being placed there in her helpless infancy, had naturally attracted towards her all the sympathy of that isolated sisterhood. As she grew up, the sweetness of her disposition, together with her uncommon beauty, gained still more upon their affections, for how could they do otherwise than try to please one who was always devising some plan to amuse or be useful to them? The abbess doted upon her too fondly to restrain the quick and buoyant spirits which early characterized the devoted child of the cloister; and when the abbé sometimes ventured a remark that the time was drawing near when Julia's probation ought to begin, and yet he saw no signs of a disposition fitted for devotional retirement, the holy mother would cross herself, repeat her Ave Maria, and prophecy that another year would see great changes in her charge.

At once the darling and pride of the quiet inhabitants of St. Reux, Julia attained her sixteenth year, happy herself, because she saw that she contributed to the happiness of others; yet there were moments when, in the solitude of her cell, her usually placid brow wore an expression far different from the joyous gladness which so frequently distinguished her. Amongst the numerous boarders of St. Reux there might be some who were orphans, but even they had relatives whom, at each returning vacation, they visited. All hailed with delight these happy periods but poor Julia, who, instead of wearing the universal smile which appeared in every youthful face, used generally to retire to weep in private for the departure of her companions. On their return she was the first to welcome them, but, when they painted the delights of home, and talked of their parents and relatives, she felt a void in her heart which not all the attentions of the superior or the sisters could dissipate. "Oh! they are too good to me," she would often

exclaim, "but they cannot love me as my own parents would." Then, too, she would remember the only time she was ever summoned to the grate, the impression made upon her by the kindness of the stranger, and the tears she shed when she assured her anxious playmates that the good gentleman was not really her papa.

Another circumstance preyed not a little on Julia's spirits: the abbess had confided to her that she was destined for the cloister, and her lively spirits revolted at the idea; for she had heard and read of the world through the most flattering medium, and already she panted to become one of its busy throng; besides the remembrance that one day she would know her parents, perpetually recurred to her mind, and she dreaded lest they should seek her, to bear her to partake of the pleasures of the world, at the very moment she had renounced it for ever. Soon, however, her thoughts were diverted to a different channel. The health of the abbess, which had been long impaired, now rapidly declined: it was then that the pious lady reaped the fruits of her abundant kindness to the deserted orphan. Seldom did this child of her affection quit her sick couch, and, when she did so, it was only to offer up her fervent prayers in behalf of this valued friend. No hand but Julia's could smooth her pillow—none but she could administer the restoring draughts. Oh! how fondly would the languid eyes of the invalid follow the graceful figure of the lovely girl as she softly glided about her chamber, and how would she tenderly press the hand which tempted her palled appetite with the most delicate viands. "My more than mother!" exclaimed Julia, one evening, in answer to these silent tokens of regard, "How can I bear to lose you! I can never love any one so well, for you have been my kindest, best friend. Oh! that you were, indeed, my own mother!"

"Alas! my child! she could not feel more for you than I do, though I can never forget her grief at parting with you."

"Then you have seen my mother; oh! tell me all about her, I entreat you," sobbed out the astonished Julia, as she sunk upon her knees by the side of the bed.

"Restrain these violent emotions, my love," said the abbess, "I have merely spoken from conjecture, yet I can never think of the anguish of that lovely creature, without believing her's was true maternal sorrow;" and then the abbess related to her every circumstance which occurred on that eventful evening; adding, that she had no doubt the ladies were both foreigners, though they conversed in very good French.

"And was she so very beautiful?" enquired the agitated Julia.

"From the transient glimpse I obtained of her," said the abbess, "she was very young, and uncommonly lovely, notwithstanding the deep despair in which she appeared plunged."

"And she wept, then, to part with me;—dear, dear mother! Oh! if I could but see her; perhaps when that old lady dies, who was so stern with her, she will come to reclaim her child, for surely she could never forget me!"

"Ah! my love, be not too sanguine; remember sixteen years have already elapsed: how many changes may not have taken place in that interim! but if I die, and already I feel the hand of death upon me, I would fain leave with you the only clue I possess which may lead to the discovery of the authors of your birth. I know you have not forgotten the English officer who called to see you, whilst you were yet a child; since that time I have heard from him more than once, and his letters have contained, besides anxious enquiries after his young protégée, as he styles you, large remittances for your support; but as our house was already richly endowed by the munificence of your first patroness, I have placed this money out advantageously for you, in case you should ever wish to leave this peaceful retreat, for you are, in this instance, to act according to the dictates of your conscience: but oh! my child, beware how you unadvisedly enter a world, replete with danger to the young and inexperienced. I remember the parting words of your mother's friend: 'Better, far better, for her never to enter a world where the cup of bitterness far outweighs every enjoyment!' Pray, my beloved girl, pray to the Blessed Virgin and all the saints to direct you in your choice of a spiritual life: but if,—and sometimes I fancy it is ordained otherwise,—I will give you the address of the English officer, on condition that you will solemnly promise never to apply to him, except in a case of the greatest emergency; on such terms only did he, at my earnest entreaty, give it to me, and I vowed to him that in death only I would resign it to you. 'Let her,' he said, 'never know the interest I take in her welfare, lest her mind be disqualified for the duties of her religion; and, above all, let her never apply to me, either directly or indirectly, unless the happiness of her life, or her future peace, be at stake; then I cannot hesitate to answer any questions she may propose, but let her beware how she rashly seeks my confidence.'"

Julia wept at this hard restriction, but, on her knees, she took the vow prescribed, and received from her dying friend the packet containing the ruby cross, the only relic she possessed, and the

address of the officer, solemnly promising never to break the seal till necessity compelled her.

A few days more and the flame which had long feebly glimmered in its socket was for ever extinguished. Calm and resigned, as her life had been, were the last moments of the Abbess de St. Reux. It was on the eve of the Feast of St. Denys that she drew her last mortal breath, on the bosom of her whom, sixteen years before, on that memorable eve, she had received in her arms as a friendless and deserted babe. Her last sigh was breathed at the foot of that altar where, since she had entered those hallowed walls, her prayers had been constantly offered up. As the choral harmony swelled high in tuneful notes, and the perfumed incense shed around its aromatic odours, the rapt soul seemed already to feel a foretaste of the joys of paradise; one moment it lingered on the threshold of a new existence, hoping, yet fearing, to enter,—the next it caught a view of the benignant countenance of the Redeemer, beaming with love to fallen man, and swiftly flew to join the immortal choir. By Julia this heavy loss was long and deeply deplored, yet she sunk not under her grief, as she would have done had not her imagination been highly raised by the mysterious communication she had received from the dying abbess; yet this, though it might tend to support her spirits under the first shock, was inadequate long to sustain her, for her heart sickened at the delusive shadows hope held out, and her altered looks soon proclaimed the uneasiness of her mind. It was then that Sister Agnes, who had been elected superior, and who loved Julia as fondly, and, perhaps, more weakly than the former abbess, suffered herself to be prevailed upon, by Mademoiselle Ville-neuf, to allow Julia to spend the vacation at her father's chateau; a request which her predecessor had invariably refused, but which the holy mother thought her present circumstances might well justify her in acceding to. "The poor child," she said, in answer to the expostulations of her confessor, "languishes for some change; she will see a little of the world, and return to us quite satisfied with the lot heaven has ordained for her, and ready, I doubt not, to be professed any time."

"May heaven grant it, holy mother!" said the priest, but he shook his head, and sighed deeply, when Julia, half-pleased, half-fearful, took her seat in the carriage which was to convey her to Chateau Ville-neuf. Who but one who has been bred in the strictest retirement—who has, from infancy, beheld but one circle of friends, walked over one portion of ground, and whose bounded glance has seen but one unvaried landscape,—who, but such an

one, can comprehend half the emotions which agitated the heart of Julia St. Denys, when she found herself separated, for the first time in her life, from the home and companions of her infancy. With what transports of guileless joy did she view the beautiful country through which she passed, and how did her heart burn with a consciousness of freedom she had never before experienced. The reception she met with from the Marquis de Ville-neuf and his lady at once removed every feeling of reserve, and day after day passed on, each bringing with it a greater degree of happiness. Alas ! Julia knew not the charm which bound her to Ville-neuf, till she was called to attend her friend back to the convent ; not till then did she discover that a warmer passion than friendship had pervaded her bosom, and that its powerful influence threw a magic charm over every object. Emilia de Ville-neuf had a brother, who could not long remain insensible to the graces of Julia, whilst the polished manners and fascinating appearance of the young comte, failed not to interest the lovely girl ; yet her innate sense of propriety would have caused her to shrink from his marked attentions had they been in the least restrained by the presence of his parents ; but, far from this being the case, both the marquis and marchioness, by their increased kindness to her, seemed openly to justify their son's choice. They even allowed him to escort the young ladies back to St. Reux, and delighted Julia by their entreaties that the ensuing vacation she would revisit their chateau.

Once more settled in the convent, the good abbess failed not to remark to her confessor, the accomplishment of her predictions ; for Julia had recovered her bloom, and was gay and happy as heretofore : she even turned angrily away from the father, because he merely shook his head and looked incredulous ; for Agnes, meek and patient of reproof herself, could not bear the fallacy of her opinions to be questioned in any thing that related to her favourite child. In one respect, she was indeed right ; Julia was happy, but it was not the calm, quiet feeling which ought to pervade the bosom of one, about to be dedicated to a life of religious seclusion ; her's was that constant excitement, that thrilling of joy, resulting from a new and fervent passion, delighting in the consciousness that it is loved in return. Every time Emilia was summoned to the grate, Julia must accompany her, for the young comte was sure to be there, and every letter Emilia received was sure to contain one for Julia. Still, however, Julia felt that she was acting a clandestine part towards her kind friend, the abbess, neither could the arguments of Emilia and her brother convince her that the silent acquiescence of their parents was

sufficient to justify their engagement. She trembled lest her want of fortune should prove an obstacle to their wishes, and at length insisted that the comte should openly consult them.

With trembling anxiety Julia awaited the result. A week elapsed and then Emilia received a packet of letters; inclosed was one for Julia, from the comte. It contained the warmest professions of unalterable regard, with the assurance that his family, descended from a long line of nobility, possessed sufficient wealth to keep up their hereditary splendour, that his parents already felt for her the warmest affection, yet he grieved to add, so wedded were they to the prejudices of custom, that they refused to sanction an alliance, where the birth of their intended daughter was involved in mystery; could that be satisfactorily cleared up, all objections would be at an end. His sister had vouched for her extraction being noble, and for himself, whatever it was, his sentiments would ever remain unchanged; yet so anxious was he that his friends should sanction his choice, that he entreated her by every tie he could name, if the means were in her power, and Emilia had told him they were, to hasten a discovery which involved the happiness of his future life."

"And of mine also, Heaven knows!" exclaimed Julia, as she read, again and again, the comte's affectionate letter. "Surely the time is at length come, when I may with safety claim the promise of my unknown friend: Holy Virgin! guide me I entreat thee!" Then with a throbbing heart she drew from its secret depository, the packet which had been so solemnly bequeathed to her. Many times she was about to break the seal, and as often did a fearful consciousness restrain her trembling hand. She knelt before the crucifix and prayed earnestly. She arose more composed, but still nervous and agitated. Hastily, and as if she dreaded to think again, she caught the packet in her hand, its seal yielded to her pressure. Several papers fell out—she eagerly examined them, but they were only bonds signed by Monsieur D——, a Parisian banker, stating the sums placed there for her benefit. With a feeling of disappointment she threw them from her and burst into tears. A moment after, however, she was startled by something glittering brightly on the floor, and she now perceived that in her haste, a ruby cross, brilliantly set, had fallen from among the papers; it was slightly attached to a small piece of pasteboard, and as she carelessly turned it over, she perceived on the back was written the address she sought for. It was to colonel Trevillyan, to be left at Monsieur D——'s, banker, Paris.

With a bosom throbbing with renovated hope, Julia instantly sat down to write to the colonel, as the only friend to whom she could unburthen her oppressed mind, for she remembered his fond expressions of regard, the only time she had ever seen him, and as she wrote, she seemed to forget the years that had since intervened. With many expressions of artless grief she touched upon her deserted state, her anxiety to be assured of the existence of her parents, and to hear, if possible from their lips, that they expected her to take the veil, which was deeply repugnant to her, that the time was now come when her choice must be decided; on him it rested to remove every doubt which now harassed her, and on his kindness she confidently reposed. One circumstance alone Julia omitted in her statement; and it was that which was nearest her heart, her affection for de Ville-neuf; but how could she name such a subject to a stranger, who would, perhaps, laugh at her passion as childish and romantic? Thus Julia reasoned, though the moment before she had fancied herself addressing a dear, though distant friend.

A week, a day, nay, even an hour, appear a long exercise of patience, to those whose hopes hang upon the issue of the expected crisis. To Julia then it was a trial of no common nature, for three months elapsed and she heard no tidings of the colonel, whilst in that period her friend Emilia left the convent. True, the comte constantly wrote to her, and his letters were as kind and affectionate as ever; but she dared not trust herself to believe that the flattering hopes he held out would ever be realized. On the other hand she was harassed by the priest, who insisted that she ought no longer to delay commencing her probation. In this situation the only course she could adopt was to throw herself on the indulgence of the abbess, and to her, with many tears, she related all her griefs, conjuring her to delay her noviciate for at least one month. The good mother was not a little startled, when she found her confessor had rightly conjectured, and that her child was so far from being in reality more disposed to a religious life; but though she chided at first, she could not long remain proof against Julia's tears, and therefore gave the promise required, though, after that period, if nothing further transpired, she dared interpose no longer. Oh! how quickly passed away this month to the three last! Day after day succeeded each other with frightful celerity to the unhappy Julia; for each brought her nearer to the dreaded one, when she must resign all her earthly hopes. But two days were wanting to complete the period, when a letter was delivered to the abbess. It was from Colonel

Trevillyan, requesting her to allow Miss St. Denys to meet him at Monsieur D——'s, as he had something of importance to communicate to her, which required a private interview, though he wished her to be accompanied by some confidential person, and that his carriage waited their commands.

No sooner had Julia seen the letter, than with a cry of delight she threw her arms round the superior and entreated permission to go. "Ah! my child," said the abbess, "you well know that I can refuse you nothing which is likely to contribute to your happiness. Go, and may the Blessed Virgin protect you! The abbé has promised to be your companion, be guided by him in all things, and may you return to me in peace!"

At any other time Julia would have been in raptures with her drive through some of the principal streets of Paris, but now her mind was so deeply occupied, that she neither heard the grave discourse of the abbé, nor saw the stately buildings which they passed. Her reverie was undisturbed till the carriage stopped in front of a very handsome house. Several servants stood at the door, and conducted the seemingly-expected guests into a large and elegant apartment. Presently the abbé was sent for into another room, and Julia was left bewildered and alone. Unconsciously her eyes wandered up and down the spacious apartment, but they rested on nothing there; every object seemed vague and indistinct, her ears rang with confused sounds, and her imagination was wrought up to a pitch of agony. At length a slow and firm step in the gallery arrested her attention; she started from her seat and clasped her hands—the door opened, and a gentleman in military attire stood before her. Not a moment could she doubt—though his figure was matured by time, and the flush of health had faded from his cheeks, the same features, the same melancholy glance was registered too strongly in her memory for even the lapse of ten years to have effaced; and in a voice of touching sweetness, she exclaimed, "Oh! I know you well, you are my kind friend, and will tell me all I wish to know."

"Julia!" said the colonel, gazing upon her with tender emotion, "Rash girl! why will you tempt your unhappy fate.—Be ignorant and you may still be happy."

"Oh! no, no, it is impossible for me to live in this suspense—tell me I conjure you do my parents live?"

"They do, they do, and one of them is most wretched."

"Good heavens! then I am right—do I not behold my father!"

"Yes, Julia, your father, your miserable parent," and he extended his arms and pressed his agitated child to his heart. Long

and tender was their embrace, and when Julia at length raised her eyes to his, and saw them overflowing with tears of tenderness, she could scarcely articulate, "Oh, my father! Why have I been so long deprived of your love? You say you have been miserable, and could not I have comforted you? How little did I imagine a few hours since I should be so happy."

"Happy! my child, alas! you anticipate too much; you have not yet heard all; your mother——"

"My mother! Holy Virgin! Is my mother living also? That dear parent whom my heart yearns to behold."

"Hear me," said the colonel, in a low, convulsive tone; "your mother lives, but not now for me, nor yet for you, Julia, you are the child of infamy, and she is—the wife of another!"

Had a thunderbolt at that moment fallen on the head of Julia, it could not have paralyzed her more than the last words of her father. The hand, which the moment before was so fondly clasped on his arm, suddenly loosed its grasp; the eyes, which were fixed on his face with such tender interest, closed at once, and she sunk pale and senseless at his feet. Her death-like trance continued many minutes, but the colonel called for no assistance; pale and immovable himself, he gazed in wild despair upon the lovely form before him. By degrees, however, animation returned, and with a heavy sigh, Julia unclosed her eyes; wild and vacant was their stare, till they met the averted face of her father, and then so full of anguish was his countenance, so deeply oppressed did he seem with grief, that every sentiment at once gave way to sorrow for him, and she clasped his knees and tenderly called upon his name. "My child! my angel child! May heaven requite thee for this kindness, I never can," softly murmured the colonel, still hiding his face.

"Let me stay with you, my dearest father; only say you wish it, and I will never leave you," sobbed out the poor Julia.

"Impossible my love, how could I bear constantly to see one, whom I have so deeply injured—Oh, Julia! wonder not that I have so long delayed giving you the history of your unhappy birth—leave me, leave me, my child—your caresses wound me to the heart."

"And must I indeed leave you?" said Julia, mournfully, "Will not my father look once more upon his child? not one last farewell, before I bid an eternal adieu to the world?"

"Poor, injured girl! the crimes of thy parents then drive thee from a world which thou art so calculated to adorn, and but an

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hour ago wert so anxious to enter. Are you resolved upon a cloistered life?"

"My resolution is fixed and nothing can alter it," replied Julia in a calm tone of suppressed feeling.

"And can you forgive the guilty wretches who have thus destroyed your happiness," exclaimed the colonel, and as he spoke, he extended his arms towards her.

"May God be merciful to me hereafter, as I do, most solemnly," she exclaimed, sinking into his embrace.

"Is there any thing I can do for you, my love," said the colonel, endeavouring to restrain his emotion. "Oh! how willingly would I receive you to my home as well as to my heart; but in doing so, I should probably destroy the peace of one of the first families in England, for you are the very image of your mother when she was your age, the likeness could never be mistaken. But you have a right to my fortune, and I will immediately settle some part upon you, it is the only reparation in my power."

"Ah! my dear father, of what avail would riches be to me. Reserve them for some other purpose, for our convent is sufficiently endowed already, and Monsieur D—— has vested in his hands several sums you sent for my use; take them, I beseech you. Do not distress yourself about my fate; the devoted child of God cannot long be very miserable. But there is one question I would ask before I leave you—my mother," and Julia's face and neck were suffused with a deep and burning flush, "does she ever think of the poor infant she resigned with so many tears, or has she quite forgotten me?"

"You have yet to learn, Julia," replied her father, "the only extenuation, if any there be, for our mutual guilt. Your mother was an only, beautiful, and spoiled child, I was a rash, impetuous youth, whom I grieve to say, neither discipline nor kindness could check; we lived very near each other, and though her birth and fortune were superior to mine, from childhood we were mutually attached. I had an early predilection for a military life—but why should I dwell on this guilty narrative—suffice it, I was called upon to attend the troops abroad, at the very period we were projecting an elopement; Mary had vowed to accompany me, but her mother, suspecting our attachment, watched her so closely as even to prevent our bidding each other farewell. I joined my regiment, distracted with grief more for her than myself, for my guilty conscience suggested that it might be impossible our secret should be long kept. It was many months

before I heard from her, and then it was to acquaint me with your birth, she had prevailed upon her mother, for her father was dead, to allow her to accompany a party of friends on their wedding tour to France; that, under the plea of ill health, she had prevailed upon them to leave her at a small bathing place, whilst they proceeded to the interior, but that she had returned to Versailles, where in an obscure lodging you first saw the light, and she entreated me to hasten to her, that our marriage might be celebrated. At the moment I received this letter, my detachment was ordered to fulfil a most perilous duty; to leave on the very eve of danger would have been an eternal disgrace, but I wrote to your mother, promising to hasten to her as soon as possible.

“The engagement took place, I was severely wounded, and whilst unable to travel, another letter reached me; it was written in the wildness of despair; her mother had left England in search of her, had discovered her child, and enraged beyond measure had threatened to destroy it. But one way remained to keep her disgrace secret, and reconcile her justly-offended parent—it was to place you in a convent, and she told me she had herself chosen that of St. Reux, because she understood the discipline was not so strict there as in many other religious houses. It was more than a year after the receipt of this letter before I was able to return to England, and then your mother was married! I know not how it was, but I seemed impelled by fate; I could not rest without seeing her, and we met at length, but not in private. It was in a gay and crowded assembly, and I stood by her side before she saw me—yes—she did start, and her colour rose one shade higher, but it was only for a moment, for her husband stood near, and she took his arm, and to my distempered fancy, it seemed that she exerted herself on purpose to wound my heart, for never had I seen her more lovely and animated.

We have met several times since, but as perfect strangers: she has a numerous family, therefore Julia must not wonder if she be forgotten—nay, do not weep, my love, the innocent child has no cause to blush for its parents' crimes. Never shall I forget the impression your artless enquiries made upon me at the grate of the convent—surely, if I had not before sufficiently repented of my indiscretion, then, indeed, I was struck with a sense of deep humiliation, when the child, whom in any other circumstances I should have proudly owned, called upon me in vain for a parent's name. I frequently afterwards wrote to the abbess, yet after I had given my address, I dreaded lest you should seek me out, to claim the disgraceful secret, which should otherwise have gone with me to my grave. I was in England

when your letter reached me, and it had been delayed on the road, otherwise you would sooner have heard of me. I repaired to Paris immediately, for the government here is in such a distracted state that all foreigners are looked upon with a jealous eye. Surely in your peaceful convent you will be safe from the threatened storm! And now, Julia, that you have heard my degrading history, do not hate your wretched father. Let me not have the misery of hearing my child curse me!"

"Curse you!" exclaimed Julia, starting with horror! "Oh! rather may the Almighty shower upon you his choicest blessings—may he heal your wounded heart!—Father, I will pray for you in all the midnight watches; I will weary the Holy Virgin with my fervent intercessions for your peace, and for hers also—though she thinks not of me,—for she is still my mother."

The colonel again and again clasped his unhappy child to his bosom, and when at length they were more composed, he took a sorrowful farewell of her and led her back to the carriage, where she was immediately joined by the abbé. Oh! who can portray the feelings of a young and susceptible heart, educated in the strictest rules of honour and virtue, when its first emotions of shame and horror are called forth by the vices of those it is most bound to revere; when every ideal bliss, every real enjoyment, is suddenly snatched away, and nothing remains but a bitter portion of grief, of ignominy and reproach! Whilst the fervour of her feelings lasted, Julia wrote these few words to the Comte de Ville-neuf.

"The fatal mystery is explained, and I bid you adieu for ever. Farewell, de Ville-neuf, obliterate as soon as possible from your mind, every recollection of one who is henceforth dedicated to God. I love you too well to think for a moment of contaminating your illustrious name by an alliance with one so dishonoured and degraded as that of

JULIA."

With a firm voice, Julia intimated to the superior her desire that her noviciate should commence immediately, at the same time she placed the open billet in her hand, requesting her to read and then forward it. The holy mother glanced her eye over the contents, but she made no comments upon it, she asked no questions; the sunken eyes and feverish cheeks of her charge explained far more than her affectionate heart wished to know, and at Julia's earnest desire, she forbore to mention the comte's name, and ordered neither letters nor messages from him to be received. We draw a veil over the grief of the heart-struck child, mourning, as she did, in patient sorrow, over her dis-

appointed hopes and blighted affections—blighted by the very hands which ought to have most fondly regarded her welfare.

The year of her noviciate had nearly passed, and she looked forward with painful eagerness to the period of her taking the solemn vows, but here, again, disappointment awaited her. Paris had for some time been the seat of civil discord, and now, when the minds of all were in a state of revolutionary ferment, when many of the princes and nobles had fled into other countries, and even the king had abandoned his capital, the infuriated multitude threw off the mask, and the horrors of anarchy, wildly raged around. Not even the sanctuaries of religion could escape their lawless fury, and St Reux, from being considered one of the most wealthy, was the first to groan under the scourge of republicanism. At the dead of night, the awful tocsin was heard to sound, and midst the beating of drums and the wild shrieks of the populace, the gates were burst open, and the venerable edifice was given up to plunder: vainly did the priests interpose, bearing aloft the sacred crucifix; and as vainly did the abbess, surrounded by her nuns, imprecate the vengeance of Heaven upon the sacrilegious intruders; all that they gained by their intercession was an immediate order to quit the convent. This they instantly prepared to obey, but scarcely had the sacred band, in long procession, reached the outer gates, than a troop of gens d'armes rushed in amongst them, and dispersed the terrified females in all directions, whilst with savage shouts they drowned the cries of the poor victims, as they vainly sought each other in the tumult.

Julia clung in wild despair to the abbess, till, on a second alarm from the inhuman troops, they were separated, and then, terror giving speed to her footsteps, she fled rapidly away, nor stopped till the sounds of brutal insult were heard no more, and she found herself alone in one of the most unfrequented environs of the city, in which, though she had spent all her days, she was a total stranger. But despair gave her courage at this trying moment, and scarcely knowing what she did, she flew up the steps of a tolerably handsome house, and knocked violently at the door. "What you are come at last with the passports; we thought you very long," said a rough voice, in English, as the door was cautiously opened. Julia rushed in, notwithstanding the opposition of the man, and overpowered with fatigue and terror, sunk breathless on the floor. On recovering she found herself in a comfortable apartment, supported by a middle-aged lady, who, together with two young ladies, seemed as if they had been hastily disturbed from their slumbers. In a few words she related the terrible

event which had separated her from her friends, and besought protection for an helpless orphan. Her appearance and manners greatly interested her auditors, whilst her religious dress corroborated her statement. The lady told her, that she was English, and had been travelling on the continent with two pupils, but that now the state of things in France was too insecure to allow their longer abode in the capital; that they had been detained some days waiting for passports, which she now hourly expected, when they intended to return immediately to England, where, if Julia had any friends, she would gladly give her the protection she sought.

Eagerly did Julia catch at the idea of visiting England—the birth-place of her parents; she acknowledged she had friends there, but that she had no means of defraying her expenses, for she dared not apply to Monsieur D——, for the sums he held, as he lived in the centre of the city. Mrs. H—— benevolently promised to be her banker in this respect, and even delayed her journey a day longer, that Julia's name might be inserted in the passports, and that she might make some enquiries after the fate of the dear friends from whom she had been so suddenly severed. But it would have been dangerous to risk many questions on this fearful subject, and, happily for Julia, she was spared, by her hasty departure from this land of anarchy the misery of hearing the untimely deaths of many of her beloved companions.

A favourable wind soon brought them in view of the British shores, and as Julia sat on the deck, gazing intently on the land, where her parents lived in opulence, and on which she was about to enter, helpless, hopeless, and forlorn. Mrs. H—— took her hand, and gently enquired in what part of England her friends resided? Julia started at the question and burst into an agony of tears, exclaiming, "Alas! I have no friends, or if I have, they will never notice such a poor desolate being!"

"My poor girl!" said Mrs. H——, much affected by her grief, "will you not consider me as your friend? I am about to enlarge my seminary, and shall be at a loss for a French teacher. What say you to giving me your assistance, till you meet with something more eligible?" Oh! how gladly did the poor heart-broken girl accept this kind offer, and how cheerfully did she devote her time and talents to her allotted duty, as soon as Mrs. H—— succeeded in forming a large establishment, in a fashionable part of London. Her assiduity delighted her benevolent patroness, whilst her unvarying meekness and anxiety to please, soon gained the affection of her pupils, and they strove as much

as possible to divert the deep melancholy under which it was too evident that Julia laboured. For this kind purpose, she was prevailed upon one morning to accompany the head-teacher, and a party of the young ladies to the exhibition. It was with some difficulty that Julia could be persuaded to join them, so averse was she to going out, yet she felt amply recompensed when she viewed the variety of beautiful and interesting paintings which adorned the magnificent rooms. But the noisy glee of her companions did not harmonize with Julia's feelings of chastened admiration, and unconsciously she remained behind, intently gazing upon a picture of West's, as they passed into another apartment.

Her reverie was however soon interrupted by the sound of voices near her, and she turned round on hearing a remarkably sweet voice coaxing a child. "Come, Henry," said a lady, apparently in the prime of life, of fashionable and interesting appearance. "Come, my dear love, I cannot wait for you any longer."

"I won't come, mamma," said a beautiful little urchin of six years old, "and Clara may pinch me as she likes, but I won't, because you said papa would be here, and I knew he would not."

"Well, my darling, then we will go in search of him, and I am sure he will take you to the riding school."

"Aye, so you pretend," said the child archly, "but I tell you I won't leave here, till you promise I may ride on one of the great horses."

"Come, come, you are a sad spoiled boy, but I promise you, for once, you shall," said the lady, fondly patting his rosy cheek, and calling to the little girl, who was a few years older than her brother, they left the room. Julia stood to watch their departing steps, with a feeling of indefinable interest, and she half murmured to herself, "what a lovely group!" when suddenly she heard her name pronounced in well-known accents, and colonel Trevillyan, pale and agitated, stood before her. "Julia!" he said in a low and hurried tone, "repress your feelings, this is no place for explanations, yet, hear me, you have this moment beheld your mother!"

Julia spoke not, but she sunk upon a chair, and pressed her hand upon her burning forehead. Colonel Trevillyan observed her intense agony with tender emotion, but he dared not attempt to soothe her, for the rooms were filling, and several gay young men came forward, seemingly with the intention of quizzing the poor girl. Anxious only to preserve her from insult, the colonel intercepted their path, and insisted upon showing them the last new picture. When her party at length joined her, Julia pleaded

indisposition for not going through the rooms, and they therefore returned home. Morning after morning she anxiously expected to see her father, and grieved and wondered at his delay, but she forgot that, in the hurry of their brief interview, she had not given him her address, and vainly he endeavoured to discover any traces of his child.

In the mean time Mrs. H—— became alarmed at the serious indisposition of several of her pupils, and she dreaded lest a contagious disease should spread through her school. One of the little girls in Julia's apartment was the first attacked, and as the other children were immediately removed, Julia entreated that she might be allowed to attend the sick child. Louisa Greanville, for that was her name, was a sweet affectionate girl, and she had been so uniformly kind and attentive to Julia, that it was impossible not to feel attached to her, especially now she was suffering on the bed of affliction. Julia watched by her with the most tender sympathy. One morning, before the complaint had fully declared itself, Louisa was delighted by the intelligence that her mamma was come to see her, and presently lady Greanville entered the chamber. Julia would have retired immediately, but her eye caught a glimpse of the expressive features of Louisa's mother, and she stood as if transfixed to the ground, for it was the same lady she had beheld with such interest at the exhibition—it was her own parent.

"My sweetest love," exclaimed Lady Greanville, kissing the parched lips of Louisa, "how grieved I am to see you so ill,—what can I do for you?"

"Nothing, dear mamma; I hope soon to be better: but how is papa? and Caroline, too, I thought she would have come to see me."

"And so she would, my darling, but I dare not let her come for fear of taking cold before the birth-day. Your papa is well, and sends his best love to his dear Louisa; Mary and Clara are both staying with their aunt."

"And little Henry, mamma, how is he?"

"He is not well, my love; and he is so very pettish that he will scarcely suffer me to leave him, or I would gladly stay, my dear Louisa."

"You are very good, mamma, but I have such a dear, kind nurse; see, mamma, that is Miss St. Denys, and I love her so dearly, for she is very kind to me."

Lady Greanville followed the direction of her daughter's eyes, but she started, and her colour went and came when she saw Julia's

large, humid, blue eyes, fixed upon her with an earnest, melancholy gaze. "Who, who is she," she said, in a hurried tone, sinking her head on Louisa's pillow.

"Miss St. Denys, mamma, our teacher; pray, pray speak to her, for she looks quite distressed."

"Miss St. Denys is it?" said Lady Greanville, rising, and recovering in some degree her composure, though she still looked fluttered; "I have to thank you, Miss St. Denys, for your attentions to my little girl, for which I assure you Louisa is very grateful: and, as she cannot at present be removed home, I shall be still more obliged if you will continue your kindness to her, for she seems to prefer having you about her to any one else." Julia bowed her head in silence, her heart was too full to allow her to speak, and Lady Greanville, affectionately saluting her little girl, and promising to visit her again very shortly, left the apartment.

No sooner had she departed than Julia took her station by the sick-bed, and again and again kissed the little invalid, repeating, "What a good mamma she had!" "Oh! yes, and I love her very much," said Louisa, "but still I had rather you would nurse me than she, you won't leave me, Miss St. Denys, I hope?"

"No, Louisa, I never will leave you till you are better, not only for your own sake, but because your dear mamma begged I would not."

"You are very good; but you are in tears, Miss St. Denys; ah! I see how it is; you have lost your mamma, but mine will be kind to you, I am sure she will, and do you know I have often thought you very like mamma's picture, which has been taken many years, only you are so pale, and she had a pretty colour in her cheeks." And the little girl declared, when her mamma came again, she would ask to take Miss St. Denys home with her as soon as she was better. Lady Greanville, however, came no more, the disorder was pronounced infectious, and not even the tender mother dared encounter the deadly contagion. Julia devoted all her time to the poor sufferer; day and night she watched by her bed, and not even the raging of delirium could deter her from fulfilling her duty. "My mother bade me do it; she committed her darling to my care, and, though I sink under the effort, I will obey her," was Julia's mental exclamation, whenever she found herself overpowered by fatigue and inclined to give up her charge, and then she felt a renewal of strength, and a determination to continue her attendance as long as she was really able. The crisis at length came; the physician shook his head and doubted, but Julia's hopes grew firm, and she was right, for Louisa survived the struggle,

and slowly and surely began to recover. As soon as her debilitated frame could bear the journey she was removed to her father's country seat, a few miles from London; but her grief was violent at parting with Julia, and she could only be appeased by her promising to see her very soon.

The alarm of the fever of course had greatly diminished Mrs. H——'s establishment, and as she intended taking the few pupils who remained with her to Brighton, for the benefit of the sea air, she found it necessary to part with some of her teachers, and poor Julia was included in the number. Mrs. H— paid her handsomely, and felt perfectly easy respecting her conduct to her, but Julia knew not where to go, and though Mrs. H—— kindly proffered the shelter of her roof for a few days, until she met with a situation, Julia would not accept it, for, exhausted by recent fatigue, and feeling within herself the symptoms of approaching fever, she fancied she had not long to live, and entreated one of the domestics to procure lodgings for her, with some poor but respectable people; and scarcely had she changed her abode when she gave herself up to the violence of the malady. Without one friend, and scarcely possessed of the common comforts of life, for the people with whom she lodged soon expended the money Mrs. H—— had given her, Julia had to combat with the added miseries of sickness, poverty, and grief. She had no desire to live, for death seemed the only remedy to her misfortunes, and she smiled gratefully upon the apothecary when he told her he doubted whether the delicacy of her constitution could finally surmount so enfeebling an illness.

In the mean time Louisa Greanville had returned to her parents, well and happy, but she did not forget to whose kind care she owed her restoration, and was grieved to find Mrs. H—— had left town, for she doubted not that Julia had accompanied her. It was then quite the rage in London to notice the French emigrants, who flocked over in crowds from their own wretched country. Amongst the number of nobility, the family of Ville-neuf, foreseeing the miseries of civil war, had early quitted France, and taken up their abode in the metropolis. The young Comte de Ville-neuf's elegant demeanour soon introduced him into the circle of fashion, and at Lord Greanville's he was a frequent and privileged guest. It was now reported that he was engaged to Miss Caroline Greanville, who was a very lovely girl, but, though he was constantly told of the report, and as constantly denied it, his visits to Lord Greanville's were not the less frequent. He had a melancholy pleasure—a feeling he could not define, in the society of

Lady Greanville and her family ; they reminded him of Julia St. Denys, but how he could not account, till he, one morning, saw Lady Greanville's portrait, taken before her marriage, when she was Lady Mary Delamotte. He stood before it in mute surprise, till Louisa, observing him, said, "Yes, that is Mamma's picture, and it is so like my dear Miss St. Denys, that sometimes I could almost fancy it was intended for her."

The comte started at the name of St. Denys, and, to his eager inquiries, Louisa related every circumstance she knew of Julia—her kindness to her in her illness—concluding that she believed her to be now at Brighton. As she finished speaking she could not help observing the comte's emotion, and she exclaimed, "You know Miss St. Denys then, and, if you do, I am sure you love her, she is such a good creature. Oh ! I am so glad she has a friend at last, for I have often seen her cry, when she said she had no friend but One above." And then, as Lord Greanville entered the room, Louisa ran to meet him, and to tell him that her dear Miss St. Denys was Comte Ville-neuf's friend, and that he was going to Brighton to see her.

"Is this true which my little girl tells me?" said his lordship : "If so, and I can prevail upon you to delay your journey one day, I will gladly book you as my travelling companion, for I am expected at the Pavilion to-morrow."

The comte gratefully accepted the proposal, and, at Louisa's earnest request, accompanied her and her papa to an eminent jeweller's, where they had promised to meet Lady Greanville. Her ladyship arrived soon after them, and they went into an inner room to choose the settings of a case of diamonds. A gentleman occupied the room on their entrance, and seemed intently engaged in choosing a watch and seals ; Lady Greanville coloured and turned quickly away, when, as he raised his head, she met the cold glance of Colonel Trevillyan.

With childish eagerness Louisa was examining the trinkets, when she suddenly gave a scream of surprise, and exclaimed "This is very strange, here is the ruby cross that Miss St. Denys prized so much ; I am sure it is the same, for it was slightly scratched in one place, and here is the mark ; it must have been stolen from her, for she has often said she would never part with it, because it had been her mother's."

The comte looked at it, for the first time, with eager delight, for Julia had owned it : Lady Greanville trembled violently—it had once been her's.

The master of the shop came forward, and stated that it had

been brought to him, a few days since, by a poor woman who wished to sell it; that she owned to him it was not her's, but belonged to a lodger, who was very ill, and suspecting, from the richness of the settings, that she came dishonestly by it, he had refused to purchase it, and had detained it till the person who owned it came forward. "Surely," he added, "the same woman is now in the shop, supporting another; if so, it is a fortunate coincidence."

"Oh! pray bring her here," said Louisa, "and I will question her how she came by it."

She came—supporting Julia, so altered, so emaciated, that not even Ville-neuf—not even Louisa—knew her: but when she raised her hollow eyes, and saw the surrounding group, and met the compassionate gaze of the comte, the sudden surprise was too violent for her feeble frame. "De Ville-neuf!" she exclaimed, as with a piercing shriek she fell before him. Colonel Trevillyan, who had been attentively observing the party, rushed forward at the well-known cry, and caught his unhappy child from the arms of the comte. Distractedly he gazed upon her woe-worn pallid countenance, and when some one endeavoured to release her inanimate form from his wild grasp, he exclaimed, in a tone of bitter irony, "What! would you take her from me, now she is dead. Oh! no, my child; the parents who neglected thee whilst living, must needs sorrow o'er thy corpse;" and he turned a look of fierce indignation on the terrified Lady Greanville, who leaned, pale and horror-struck, against a chair. Louisa held her mother's hand, and wept, for she dared not approach the senseless form of her friend; whilst De Ville-neuf, agitated and powerless, gazed upon the poor victim.

Lord Greanville, alone, seemed to retain the full exercise of his reason; he immediately went into the shop, and dispatched one of his servants for medical aid. Whilst he was yet absent, Julia once more unclosed her heavy eye-lids; she smiled sweetly when she found herself in the arms of her father, and when de Ville-neuf knelt at her feet, and implored her once more to look upon him, she pressed his hand feebly to her lips, and placed it in that of the colonel; but she spoke not, nor observed that any one else was present till Lord Greanville returned with the physician, and then, as he kindly whispered to his lady that the scene was too much for her feelings—and as he was leading her away—Julia, for a moment, was roused from her torpor.

At the door, Lady Greanville paused, and gave a last look at her deserted child. It was a look of mingled fear and agony;—

Julia started from her reclining attitude—her eager eyes proclaimed the deep interest she took in that long and earnest glance,—but, as the closing door hid it from her view, she feebly stretched out her arms, and “Oh, my mother!” she gently murmured : her lips quivered with a convulsive effort to articulate more—her head sunk upon her bosom—the physician took her hand—but the pulsation had ceased—and Julia was no more.

Lady Greanville’s fatal secret was hid from her husband—from the world,—but could she ever again taste of happiness? The imprudence of her youth embittered the short remnant of her days, and, worn down with concealed misery, she has long since entered “that bourne from whence no traveller returns.” Colonel Trevillyan survived her some years, but they were years of wretchedness ;—he lived a fearful example of the justice of providence, harrowed by an accusing conscience. We shudder as we read of the awful retribution of Divine Power : but let us pause a moment. How many in every station of life have to mourn over that cruel orphanage “which springs not from the grave, that falls not from the hand of providence, or the stroke of death?”

CONSTANCE.

SONG.

THE MOTHER’S SMILE.

I’ve seen thee smile when gayer hours
 Did round thee cast their magic spell,
 I’ve seen thee smile when music’s powers
 Hath caused thy heart—thy soul to swell.
 But though e’en then thy smiles were bright,
 And gay as fairy visions gleaming,
 They equalled not, in rich delight,
 The one that o’er thee now is beaming.

I saw thee smile when in thine ear
 I whispered first my ardent love ;
 And to my heart that smile so dear
 All others seemed far, far above :
 Yet though, dear girl, that smile was bright,
 And soft as fairy visions gleaming,
 It equalled not in rich delight
 The one that o’er thee now is beaming.

For in thine eyes so fondly cast
 Upon thine infant’s placid brow
 I view a feeling ne’er surpass’d—
 A smile I ne’er beheld till now.
 Yes, yes, dear girl, that smile is bright—
 More bright than fairy visions gleaming ;
 None other yields such pure delight,
 As that which o’er thee now is beaming.

J. E. J. S.

MARCH, 1829.

P

LETTERS FROM THE ÆGEAN.

THE sympathy of the Christian world has been long attracted to Greece ; and in no part of Europe has it been more active than in our own country. We saw a people oppressed, and we pitied them : they essayed their own deliverance from a cruel bondage, and we lost no time in offering them assistance. Even before the government had determined to put a stop to the carnage which had devastated the Morea, individuals had quitted this country ; and sought to save from Moslem slaughter the descendants of those whose names are sacred to classical recollections. Lord Byron may be said to have lost his life in the cause ; and the author of the work before us was one of the first to offer his personal service to the struggling Greeks : like many others who suffered their enthusiasm to mislead their judgment he was doomed to encounter disappointment ; and he saw, on his arrival in the Morea, that the patriots had more soldiers than they knew how to employ. The public, however, lost nothing by his visit to Greece. His "Picture of Greece in 1825," served to correct some absurd notions which were entertained respecting the descendants of the ancient Greeks, and in the volumes under consideration we have some pleasing and instructive details relative to the islands in the Ægean and parts of Asia Minor.

The Ægean seldom presents any thing but a picture of calm repose ; and a voyage among the Cyclades is calculated to awaken the finer and loftier feelings of the human heart. While on his way to Smyrna, Mr. Emerson was becalmed in one of the straits. "It was Sunday," he says, "and if that day be possessed of peculiar stillness and repose on land, it must be doubly more so at sea, and among the Cyclades. The day was an Oriental one : not a wandering vapour to stain the deep blue heaven, and not a breath to warp the mirror of the sea ; no passing bark gave life or motion to the scene, the sails hung in lazy folds upon the mast, and not a sound disturbed the ocean's silence. The crew were assembled on the quarter-deck, and I never listened to the Liturgy with such interest and attention,—every sound was solemn, and every line awoke some recollection of home and of England.

"It was a new feeling, in such a situation, to hearken to the same accents we had so long heard only in the village church, repeated amid scenes rich in all the sublimities of nature, and hallowed by the brightest associations of history and time : to listen to the precepts of Christianity almost amidst the very scenes

* By James Emerson, Esq., 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1829. Colburn.

where they were first delivered, and to trace the wanderings of its Apostles on the same waves their barks had traversed."

As usual, in this delightful climate, the breeze sprung up at sunset, but the following day, a strong head wind detained them in the neighbourhood of Scio opposite the coast of Asia Minor. The island had recently been the scene of a dreadful massacre, and on board the vessel was one who had to mourn the catastrophe which befel her native city. Mr. Emerson relates her sad history with great feeling and beauty, and as it possesses considerable interest, and serves to illustrate the then deplorable condition of the Greeks, we shall introduce here the melancholy story of

PHROSINE KALERDJI.

"There was one individual on board our vessel to whom the sight of this devoted island (Scio) served to summon up the most heart-rending reflections. This was a young Greek lady of twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, a native of the island, a witness to its massacre, and a destitute exile in consequence of the murder of her family. She was now on her way with us to Smyrna, in order to place herself under the protection of a distant relative; whom she hoped, though faintly, to find still surviving. She sat all day upon the deck, watching, with wistful eyes, the shores of her native island; at every approach which our vessel made towards it, she seemed straining to recognize some scene that had once been familiar, or perhaps some now-deserted home that had once been the shelter of her friends: and when, on the opposite tack, we again neared the Turkish coast, she turned her back upon its hated hills to watch the retreating shores of her desolated home.

"I had not been aware of her being on board, as her national retiring habits had prevented her appearing upon deck during the early part of the voyage; but as she drew near Scio, feeling seemed to overcome education and prejudice, and she sat all day beneath the awning to satiate herself with gazing and with recollection. Towards evening we drew near the ruined town, built on the sea-shore at the foot of a wooded hill, which had been the site of the ancient city of Scio. Its houses seemed all roofless and deserted, whilst the numerous groups of tall and graceful cypresses which rose amidst them, contrasted sadly with the surrounding desolation; all was solitude and silence; we could not descry a single living creature on the beach, whilst from the shattered fortress on the shore, the blood-red flag of Mahomed waved in crimson pride above the scene of its late barbarous triumph.

"At sunset the wind changed; we passed the Spalmadores and Ipsara, and, rounding the promontory of Erythræ, entered the bay of Smyrna. As we caught the last glimpse of the ruins of Scio, the unfortunate lady pointed out the remains of a house to the north of the town, which had been her father's: it was now in ruins, and as clearly as we could discern, appeared to be of large dimensions, and situated on one of the most picturesque points of the island.

"Her name, she said, was Kalerdji, and her father had been one of the commissioners for collecting the revenue of the Sultana from the gum-mastic of the island. On the breaking out of the revolution in the Morea, strong apprehensions of a similar revolt in Scio were entertained in the divan, and a number of the most distinguished Greeks of the island were selected to be sent to Constantinople as hostages for the loyalty of the

remainder, amongst these were her father and her only brother; herself, her mother, and two elder sisters being left alone in Scio. Tranquillity continued undisturbed in the island for more than a year, though the accounts of the reiterated successes of the Moreots were daily stirring up the energies of the inhabitants, whose turbulence was only suppressed by the immediate dread of the Turkish garrison in the Genoese fortress on the beach, the only strong-hold in Scio.

"One evening, however, a squadron of vessels, manned with Samians, entered the harbour, attacked the unsuspecting garrison, and, aided by the lowest rabble of the town, succeeded in despatching the guard, and taking possession of the fortress. But the deed was done without calculation, and could be productive of no beneficial result; the fort was untenable, and on the almost immediate arrival of the Ottoman fleet, a capitulation, without a blow, ensued.

"The news brought by the hostile armament was of the instant execution of the ill-fated hostages, the moment the accounts of the revolt had reached the Porte. Overwhelmed with grief for the loss of their only and dearly-loved protectors, the family of Kalerdji spent the few intervening days in poignant but vain regret, and in the seclusion of their bereft mansion knew nothing of what was passing at the town; where, whilst the Greeks were occupied in supplications and submission to the Capitan Pacha, and the Turks in false protestations of forgiveness and amity, the troops of the sultan disembarked at the fortress. At length the preparations for slaughter were completed, and the work of death commenced.

"It was on the evening of the third day from the arrival of the Turkish admiral that the family of the wretched being who lived tell the tale, descried the flames that rose from the burning mansions of their friends, and heard, in the calm silence of twilight, the distant death-scream of their butchered townsmen, whilst a few flying wretches, closely pursued by their infuriate murderers, told them but too truly of their impending fate. As one of the most important in the valley, their family was amongst the first marked out for murder, and, ere they had a moment to think of precaution, a party of Turkish soldiers beset the house, which afforded but few resources for refuge or concealment.

"From a place of imperfect security the distracted Phrosine was an involuntary witness to the murder of her miserable sisters, aggravated by every insult and indignity suggested by brutality and crime, whilst her frantic mother was stabbed upon the lifeless corpses of her violated offspring. Satiated with plunder, the monsters left the house in search of farther victims, whilst she crept from her hiding-place to take a last farewell of her butchered parent, and fly for refuge to the mountains. She had scarcely dropped a tear over the immolated remains of all that was dear to her, and made a step towards the door, when she perceived a fresh party of demons already at the threshold. Too late to regain her place of refuge, death, with all its aggravated horrors, seemed now inevitable, till on the moment she adopted an expedient. She flew towards the heap of slaughter, smeared herself with the still-oozing blood of her mother, and falling on her face beside her, she lay motionless as death.

"The Turks entered the apartment, but, finding their errand anticipated, were again departing, when one of them, perceiving a brilliant sparkling on the finger of Phrosine, returned to secure it. He lifted the apparently lifeless hand, and attempted to draw it off; it had, however, been too dearly worn; it was the gift of her affianced husband, and had tarried till it was only to be withdrawn from the finger by an effort. The Turk, however, made but quick work: after in vain twisting her delicate hand in every direction to accomplish his purpose, he drew a knife from his girdle

and commenced slicing off the flesh from the finger. This was the last scene she could remember. It was midnight when she awoke from the swoon into which her agony, and her effort to conceal it, had thrown her; when she lay, cold and benumbed, surrounded by the clotted streams of her last loved friends.

"Necessity now armed her with energy; no time was left for consideration, and day would soon be breaking. She rose, and, still faint with terror and loss of blood, flew to a spot where the valuables of the house had been secured; disposing of the most portable about her person, she took her way to the mountains. She pointed out to us the cliff where she had long laid concealed, and the distant track by which she had gained it, through a path at every step impeded by the dead or dying remains of her fellow-countrymen.

"By the time she imagined the tide of terror had flowed past, when she no longer observed from her lofty refuge the daily pursuits and murder of the immolated Sciots, and when she saw the Ottoman fleet sail from the harbour beneath its crimson pennon, now doubly tinged with blood, she descended with her fugitive companions, to the opposite shore of the island. Here, after waiting for many a tedious day, she succeeded in getting on board an Austrian vessel, the master of which engaged to land her at Hydra, in return for the quantity of jewels and gold she had been able to reserve.

"She reached the island in safety, where she had now remained for nearly two years, but, finding or fancying her various benefactors to be weary of their charge, she was now going to seek, even in the land of her enemies, a relative who had been living at Smyrna, but whom she knew not even if she should still find surviving, or fallen by the sabre of their common enemy.

"Her tale was told with calm composure of oft-repeated and long-contemplated grief; she shed no tear in its relation; she scarcely heaved a sigh over her sorrows; she seemed, young as she was, to have already made her alliance with misery. She had now, she said, but one hope left; and if that should fail, she had only death to look to."

The reader will be glad to learn that the unfortunate lady found at Smyrna the friend whom she sought. The entrance to Smyrna is beautiful in the extreme, and our travellers were greatly pleased with the appearance of the bazaars. The Turkish dealers are much more honest than the Greeks, and if our author be correct, their personal appearance is eminently superior. "*Taken en masse,*" he says, "the Turks are the finest looking race of men in the world: their oval heads, arching brows, jetty eyes, and aquiline noses, their lofty figures and stately mien, are all set off to full advantage by their ample robes and graceful turbans; all is ease and proportion about a Turk; there are no angles or straight lines in his features or person; in all we find the pure curve of manly beauty and majestic grace."

From Smyrna our travellers proceeded to Ephesus, and visited the site of the "seven churches" so celebrated in the early history of the Christian church. This part of the work must prove very interesting to biblical readers; and indeed throughout these volumes there are some ingenious illustrations of scripture passages, drawn from the habits and manners of the

people of Asia Minor. They returned by Smyrna, and subsequently visited several of the Greek Islands, respecting the present situation of which many particulars are communicated.

There are some pleasing translations of modern Greek songs interspersed through the work, and we select the following as a specimen :

THE MOTHER OF THE KLEFT.

" She stood where the flood through the valley was toiling,
And she mark'd where its current was foaming and boiling;
And stones in its waters indignantly throwing,
She chided the stream that so swiftly was flowing.

" ' Flow back to thy mountains, oh, ill-fated river !
Dry up all thy waters and vanish for ever ;
A mother implores, of her child who bereft is,
Oh leave her a path to the home of the Kleftis !
She is hasting to tell them her desolate story,
Where on Ceta they rest in their strong Kleftochori.'

Her son, the brave Kitzos, the Turks have surrounded,
And they bear him in triumph, bound, wearied, and wounded,
Two thousand behind, a thousand before him,
And last, last of all, the sad mother who bore him.
With the tears of a parent her eyes are o'erflowing,
And she calls, as sad looks on her child she is throwing—
' Of thy arms, my loved Kitzos, the foe has bereft thee ;
No sword and no clasps of bright silver are left thee.'

" Ah mother, weak mother, why weepest thou still for
My embossed yataghan and my cuisses of silver ;
The deeds of my valour and fame thou forgettest,
Nor the end of my youthful career thou regrettest ;
But in tears for my armour my mother is mourning,
Is it thus, wretched parent, my love thou'rt returning ?
' No, no !' she exclaim'd, while with arms twined round him,
She sever'd the cords where the infidel bound him ;
And darting like hawks to the brink of the river,
They cross'd, and escaped from the Moslem for ever.' "

IMILDA DE LAMBERTAZZI.

[Imilda de Lambertazzi, a noble young lady at Bologna, was surprised by her brothers in a secret intrigue with Boniface Gieremei, whose family had long been separated by the most inveterate enmity from her own ; she had just time to escape : while the Lambertazzi dispatched her lover with their poisoned daggers. On her return, she found his body still warm, and a faint hope suggested the remedy of sucking the venom from his wounds. But it only communicated itself to her own veins ; and they were found by her attendants, stretched lifeless by each other's side.—*State of Europe during the Middle Ages*, vol. 1. p. 394.]

In anguish, with her fair brow veiled
By the heart's cloud of grief,
That maid of Italy wept long,
Nor hoped, nor sought relief ;
For she had learned how lovers weep
Over affection's dreamless sleep.

She was of that bright clime of sun,
Where its deep rays shine forth,
As though they strayed from heaven, to make
Earth's hearts too warm for earth,
And her bright brow and brighter eye
Were emblems of her blazing sky.

The lyre was hers, and every tone
That human lip could move,
When breathing o'er the chords, her voice
Would sing of woman's love ;
And with the strings her long hair rolled,
You deemed them all one web of gold.

Her's is a simple tale ; too oft
The story of the heart ;
To live until it loves, and then
From love and life to part ;
To feel the all that woman feels
In the fond thought her love reveals.

She had the passions of that clime,—
Corinne's own land of song,
Where, all the rushings of the blood
To the same source belong ;
Where, when her day-God left the sky,
She, too, should bid the world good-bye.

Her hymn had been at vesper hour,
Heard o'er the deep blue sea,
When, with her braided brow and hair,
In mellow psalmody,
Forgetting heaven, she'd fondly make
Her prayer for her dear lover's sake.

How sooth, amid those genial groves,
To hear the hum of prayer,
Raised for our weal, by one loved tongue,
Unto the scented air :—
To sleep in memory's holy light,
And be—not unremembered quite.

And she had loved ! How truly, you
Who love in youth may say ;
And this new feeling made, unto
Her soul a very day,
Giving her all the warmth, that gave
A light to lead unto the grave.

Oh ! sacred ever is the love,
That lives in woman's breast,
Strewing its softness on the couch,
Where it would sink to rest,
And gleaming stronger in the hour
When life's bright skies begin to lour.

A silent, stiffening corpse, she sank,
By her slain lover's side,
For she had sworn 'neath Heaven's dome,
To be his holy bride,
And 'neath a brother's blight she lay,
A ruined thing of loveless clay.

D. S. L.

WANDERINGS IN FRANCE.—NO. V.

MUSICAL MANIA IN THE COUNTRY.

I HAVE now been an inhabitant of Paris for about thirteen years; and have constantly attended the performances at the Opera Buffa. I have witnessed the best days of Barilla and of Garcia; I have also, in their turn, admired the talents of Madame Fodor, Pasta, Sontag, and Malibran; and, though many years have passed over my head, and have calmed my passions, I have always been an enthusiast in favour of those charming singers, who, from several parts of Europe, and particularly those born under the cloudless skies of Italy, displayed their brilliant talents in Paris, which they made a scene of enchantment by their melody.

Alas! there is nothing certain in this world; we please ourselves with an airy vision, and our imagination, in its capricious course, clothes the future in the most seductive colours; we draw around us every chimera which is likely to please while it flatters our taste; and implacable necessity comes to sport with our projects, and to overthrow the hopes we may have formed, while we find insipid realities placed near the deceitful creation of our minds. I reckoned on always being an inhabitant of Paris, to preserve in the Rue Rameau the humble dwelling which was quite enough to satisfy my wishes, and I continued my visits to the temple of the Italian muses; when it happened that a female relative, whose wishes were to me a law, sent for me to be the companion at her decline of life, and to replace a brother she had just lost. I bade adieu to Favart, to Louvois, and I hastened to purchase all the best pieces composed by Mozart and Rossini, to whom I owed the most delightful emotions of my life; and it is only a few months ago that I went, in melancholy mood, for a small town in a distant province, where I am now shut up in seclusion till it shall please heaven to restore me to the liberty of the metropolis, to hear the enchanting operas of *Otello* and *Le Barbieri*, the pathetic inspirations of Madame Malibran, and the light warblings of Mademoiselle Sontag.

What was to be done in a little town? Was I to sit down and play at Boston with a parcel of old dowagers? Or at *ecarté* with young spendthrifts; or swear over a game at back-gammon with some English emigrants, settled there to economize, like myself? Could I think of encountering the nasal and false declamation of the provincial French actors? or the eternal discord of amateur musicians? The tremulous cadences of a young girl whom her mother condemned to sing to the piano. Could I thus render my recollections corrupt? Would it not be better, when shut up in my lonely cell, to repeat, by myself, on my violin, those de-

lightful compositions which I had heard performed, with so much talent, for so many years ?

Full of this idea I refused twenty invitations which had been addressed to the old amateur of the opera-buffa, and I promised myself never to be present at a provincial concert. However, some days ago, an old major, one of my particular friends, called on me and announced to me that he had come to ask me to be present at a music-meeting. I at first refused. "What should I be there for ?" said I; "do you think that I could remain, for several long hours, to listen to your instrumental music ? The bassoon of the notary, the piano of the president's wife, and the violin of the sous-préfet ? If you choose to be so amused, very well ; for my part, I shall keep to that sentence—*sonate, que me veux-tu ?* I love my fire-side too well for that measured-out weariness, and that politeness which is expressed in cadences." I do not know exactly what the major answered, but I found it not possible to resist his solicitations : I found I should disoblige him if I did not go, and I had rather resign myself to endure two hours of *ennui* than give the smallest vexation to an old friend.

Prejudice is a fatal malady ; I was a proof of it. I heard, at the meeting I attended so much against my will, some pieces which pleased me exceedingly. The beginning was cold enough, but I very soon after saw a young female, full of grace and attraction, advance towards the piano ; the charms of her countenance, and, indeed, her whole carriage, were irresistible ; and I felt disposed to be satisfied with whatever I might hear her perform.

The major whispered in my ear, "Wait a little, you will soon find whether or not I have rendered you a disagreeable piece of service in drawing you from your solitude." He did not deceive me ; Madame Daville accompanied her daughter on the harp : they performed together a plaintive composition, replete with sentiment and pathos, which Naderman has consecrated, under the title of "*Regrets*," to the manes of his friend Dussek. This duo, which is a chef-d'œuvre in expression, was performed to a degree of perfection, particularly the invocation, which forms the second part ; I was affected by it even to tears : and the animated passage which follows it was played so exquisitely, and in such perfect harmony, that I confessed to my friend I had never experienced more lively sensations at the most brilliant compositions of Rossini, even at the opera of *Otello* ; which I have always regarded as his master-piece.

Little did I expect to enjoy at this distance from Paris, so true a pleasure ; or to find, in the centre of a provincial town, such

remarkable talents : I testified my surprise to the major. "That young female," said he, "has many other good qualifications ; she has a most delicate mind, and her education has been good ; she may boast a variety of accomplishments. And, to my surprise, I found on her table, a few days ago, an album, which she had enriched with some original writing, replete with grace and feeling."

I was one of the last who retired ; and I formed the determination of attending again the musical parties of this little town ; nor was I long in acknowledging that it is possible, even at a distance from the capital, to find some good amateur musicians, sensible females, and very interesting society.

TO

Thou'rt happy now, thine heart beats light
 For friends with smiles have round thee met ;
 Say, when the moments are thus bright,
 Doth not thine heart awhile forget
 That she, who once did share thy joy,
 Counts o'er the sad and lingering hours
 In solitude ; her chief employ
 To weep o'er all the blighted flowers
 Which love's own rosy fingers twined
 Around a heart that knew no care.
 To tend those blossoms hope combined
 With pleasure,—every bud was fair,
 And flourished well, for fancy yet
 Dwells on their faded charms with tears :
 That sun which nursed them once hath set,
 They'll ne'er rebloom in after years.
 Ah ! never can I know again
 That pure delight which then I knew :
 Joy, with her smiling fairy train,
 Hath faded from my troubled view.
 Bright was her last, kind, soothing dream,
 But far too soon its radiance past ;
 'Twas but a transient, sunny beam
 Upon a lonely desert cast.
 Still thou art cheered by friendship's smile,
 And on that thought my soul shall rest ;
 If aught its sorrows could beguile
 'Twould be in knowing thou wert blest.
 Whate'er my fate I'll murmur not,
 If rays of joy around thee shine,
 My griefs shall be *almost* forgot,
 Whilst there is bliss for thee and thine.

BERTHA.

SCRAPS FROM HISTORY, NO. I.

MILITARY POLITENESS.

IN 1667 Louis XIV. invaded the Low Countries, and having rendered himself master of many places he laid siege to Lisle. The Comte de Brouai, governor of that city, sent to know where the king's quarters were, that he might not fire upon them. "My quarters are the whole camp," replied the monarch; "let him fire every where." Brouai having heard that there was no ice in the French camp, had the politeness to send some every morning for the king. Louis said one day to the gentleman who brought it, "I am extremely obliged to Monsieur de Brouai for his ice, but he should send me a little more." "Sire," replied the envoy, "he believes that the siege will be long, and he fears that our stock may be exhausted." In saying these words he bowed and was going. The Duke de Charost who, as captain of the guards, was behind the king, called to him, "Tell Brouai not to do like the commandant of Douai, who has surrendered like a rascal." Louis turned round to him, and said, laughing, "Are you mad Charost?" "Sire," replied he, "Brouai is my cousin."

DECAPITATION OF ANNE BULLEN.

In Houssaie's *Memoires*, vol. i. p. 435, a little circumstance is recorded concerning the decapitation of the unfortunate Anne Bullen, which illustrates an observation of Hume. Our historian notices that her executioner was a Frenchman of Calais, who was supposed to have uncommon skill; it is probable that the following incident might have been preserved by tradition in France, from the account of the executioner himself. Anne Bullen being on the scaffold, would not consent to have her eyes covered with a bandage, saying, that she had no fear of death. All that the divine who assisted at her execution could obtain from her was, that she would shut her eyes. But as she was opening them at every moment, the executioner could not bear their tender and mild glances: fearful of missing his aim, he was obliged to invent an expedient to behead the queen. He drew off his shoes, and approached her silently; while he was at her left hand, another person advanced at her right, who made a great noise in walking, so that this circumstance drawing the attention of Anne, she turned her face from the executioner, who was enabled by this artifice to strike the fatal blow, without being disarmed by that spirit of affecting resignation which shone in the eyes of the lovely Anne Bullen.

"The common executioner,
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon."

A FAIR RAMPART.

IN the year 1576 the Spaniards were driven out of Maestricht by the inhabitants ; but they retained possession of Wich, a small part of the place, divided from the rest by the Meuse. The conquerors prepared to drive them directly from it ; the only obstacle being some cannon placed upon the bridge which divides the two towns. In order to escape the danger that threatened them the Spaniards seized the women of Wich, placed them in front, and, with this newly-contrived rampart, came upon the bridge, and fired, from behind the women, upon the citizens, who dared not return it for fear of killing their relations, or, at least, the wives of their own party. Thus they were obliged to quit their post and take refuge in their houses, abandoning the field of battle to the Spaniards, who regained possession of the town, not only without any loss but even without having ran any risk.

The Spaniards, on this occasion, were more successful than the Irish under Roden, at the siege of Londonderry : they collected the wives and daughters of the protestant population of Ulster, and drove them up to the ramparts of the city, in the hope that the sympathy of the besieged would induce them to open their gates and admit them. Roden's object was not to rush in after them ; he calculated on a speedy surrender when increased consumption would exhaust their stock of provisions. But he had miscalculated : the garrison would not admit the wretched creatures ; and it is due to the unfortunate James II. to declare that he highly disapproved of the conduct of his general.

TWO NAMES.

Henry the First had an illegitimate son, named Robert ; and it happened that about the time when he reached the age of puberty, one Robert, son of Aymes, or Aymon, a Norman by birth, and possessing large conquered domains in the province of Gloucester, died, leaving, sole heir to his estates, an only daughter, named *Aimable*, and familiarly *Mable*, or *Mabile*. King Henry settled with the young woman's relatives a marriage between her and his illegitimate son Robert : the relatives consented, but Aimable was averse to the match. She refused for a long time without explaining the motives of her repugnance : but at last, being urged to the utmost, she declared that she would never be the wife of a man who had not two names. "Sire," she said, "I know that your eyes are cast upon me, much less for myself than for my inheritance : but, with so fine an inheritance, would it not be a great shame to take a husband without two names ? My father, when he was living, was called Robert, son of Aymon : I will belong to no man whose name does not tell whence he comes, and what i

his birth." "Well said, damsel," returned King Henry: "Robert, son of Aymon, was thy father; Robert, *son of the king*, shall be thy husband." "This, I grant, is a fine name, and will do him honour all his life: but how shall his sons and his sons' sons be called?" "Damsel, thy husband shall have a name without reproach, for himself and for his heirs: he shall be called Robert of Gloucester; for he shall be Count of Gloucester—he and all his posterity."

The two names, or the double name, consisting of the Christian name and a surname—either purely genealogical or indicating the possession of some estate or the exercise of some office—was one of the marks by which the Norman race in England distinguished themselves from the English race.

CIVILITY TO AN ENEMY.

Junot was introduced to Bonaparte in the following manner:—During the attack of a town in Italy, Napoleon, having occasion to transmit some order to a distant point, called Ragois, the captain of a company of grenadiers, and told him to write what he was going to dictate. Ragois, not being able to write, called Junot, the *bel esprit* of the company, out of the ranks. Down went young Junot on one knee, and wrote from Napoleon's dictation. Just as he had finished a cannon-ball passed between him and the general, ploughed up the ground and dusted the paper which Junot held in his hand; upon which he rose, and following the flying ball, with a low bow, said, "It is well to be civil with every one, and so I say thanks, M. le Boulet, for the dust you have spared." This was the sort of man Napoleon wanted, and he was immediately promoted.

STANZAS.

TO THE AIR "DI TANTI PALPITI."

Come and listen to my lay,
Come to me, for earth is gay,
Smiling with the parting day,
And all is bright above thee;
Hear me speak the thoughts that dwell
In my bosom, deep, and tell
That I love thee passing well,
And thus will ever love thee.
Come, the sun has left the sky
To the twilight's sober dye,
But the moon is rising high,
To deck the heaven above thee;
Ere the night succeeds the day,
As the twilight glides away,
Come, and listen to the lay
Of him who lives to love thee.

MARCH, 1829.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

As the season advances the publishing trade becomes more active; and, although the last month has been unusually productive in works of a polemical and political character, the number of new books on subjects purely literary has suffered no diminution. As usual there has been an abundant supply of entertaining matter; and among the most amusing novels which have appeared during the last few weeks, we may mention "Yesterday in Ireland," and "Tales of Military Life."

The first is by the author of "To-day in Ireland," a work which does not appear to have experienced that attention which its great merits deserved. In it were illustrated, in a very entertaining and graphic manner, the state of society, as it existed a year or two since, in the sister kingdom; and the volumes on our table purport to bring before us the manners and habits of a by-gone age in the same unhappy country. They consist of two tales:—the first "Carramahon" is full of incident, and, what are called in the theatrical world, striking situations. The characters, however, who figure in the story, are real men and women—their actions, under their peculiar circumstances, are natural, and they neither do nor say any thing grossly improbable. The tale therefore owes none of its interest to strange and super-human beings—there is neither a Meg Merrilies nor a Madge Wildfire in it—and yet we read on, sufficiently engrossed in the fortunes of persons with whom we can readily sympathise. The author seems to abhor that gloom in which Mr. Banim, the author of "The O'Hara Tales," loves to enshroud himself; and though he appears convinced that men have many vices, he is still persuaded that in human nature there are abundance of redeeming virtues. The second, "The Northerns of 1798" is, as the title imports, a tale of rebellion. The interest is well sustained throughout, and the author has handled a difficult subject in a very entertaining manner.

"Tales of Military Life," are by the author of the "Military Sketch-book." Like "Yesterday in Ireland," the work consists of two tales—the last an extremely short, and not a very interesting one, and the first very improbable. The incidents of a soldier's life, however, though somewhat monotonous, are of a stirring nature, and the author has taken care to carry us through those scenes where British bravery triumphed; and where the memorials of victory reflect nothing but honour upon British arms. The hero is what Mr. Crofton Croker would call a "changeling." While yet an infant, his step-father commits him

to the care of a dependant; and supplies his place with an illegitimate son of his own. Contrary to his commands, his accomplice does not destroy the child, but brings him up in the style of a gentleman: at an early age he enters the army, shares in the glory which our arms achieved in the Peninsula, and is—as the brave deserve to be—after many perils, restored to his hereditary rights, and weds the woman of his choice. Notwithstanding the total improbability of the story, the tale will bear to be read through.

The author of "St. Johnstoun; or, John Earl of Gowrie," has just published a novel, under the title of "Restalrig; or, the Forfeiture." It is moulded on the plan of the Waverley tales; and, like other imitations, it suffers by comparison with the original. The plot is somewhat extravagant; but there is much novelty of incident and considerable originality about one or two of the characters. Still the work must be pronounced very inferior to the author's former production.

Of a very different character is the second series of "The Living and the Dead." The author aims at improving the human heart by conveying important instruction through the medium of well-digested fictions; but we fear the execution will be found to fall short of the amiable writer's intentions. His sketches are too grave to be considered entertaining, and many readers will be inclined to detract from that writer's benevolence, who does not hesitate to pour the bitterest ridicule and unjustifiable censure on all who entertain opinions adverse to his own. The church, we fear, will profit little by his labours: being extremely pious himself, he shows no mercy to those who are not sufficiently impressed with his peculiar tenets; and, though we are certain that his motives are pure, we wish that his zeal was better regulated. Notwithstanding our disapproval of the spirit in which his book is written, we are willing to bear evidence to its literary merits; the style is pleasing, and many of the sketches evince considerable knowledge of human nature. They will bear more than one reading.

It has been long supposed that the poetical taste in this country is on the decline. We doubt this exceedingly, and we would refer, in proof of a contrary opinion, to the invariable success of those works of fiction which combine in themselves the higher attributes of poetry. It is true they are not written in verse, but they are, nevertheless, poetry. The general purpose of poetry is to give us an ideal representation of that which we knew; to show, as imagination may conceive them, the same objects which

are known, in their reality, to experience. What we require, therefore, in poetry, is, that the imagination should be satisfied; if it can be satisfied with realities, well and good—if not, illusions must be resorted to. Now all fiction—whether in prose or verse—has this tendency—the most popular have assuredly attained it. They seize the mind with a sort of transport; and by a gentle violence open the mind to conceptions not its own, and exalt it with the rapture of unwonted emotions; in doing this they rest solely upon the illusions which imagination willingly admits. The poetical taste has not therefore declined amongst us, for this age, more than any other, abounds with works of fiction, characterised by boldness of conception and grandeur of execution. Neither is poetry, in the more common acceptation of the term, extinct; every month sends forth a number of poems, many of them distinguished by great poetical merit.

Two volumes of this description now lie before us; the first is entitled "Lays of Leisure Hours," by Maria Jane Jewsbury. This lady possesses a cultivated intellect and a fine poetical taste. Her poems display a very correct judgment and considerable powers of versification. There are some devotional pieces in the volume written in a tone of subdued feeling and pious resignation.

The other volume is of an entirely different texture; and aspires to a higher place among the poetical productions of the day. It is entitled "The Harp of Innisfail," and consists of two poems of considerable length and several minor pieces. They are of unequal merit, but each and all evince poetical powers of the very first order. We are told, in a rambling and a somewhat irrelevant epistle, which is made to supply the place of a preface, that this is the author's first attempt, and we give implicit credit to the statement; for, notwithstanding the evidence of original powers and decided genius, his poetry, in the very exuberance of its decoration, evinces a certain immaturity. Conscious of mental strength he is lavish of thought—pours out image on image as if his fancy was inexhaustible, and in the affluence of an excited imagination, he ventures upon metaphors and epithets which border on the brink of meaning, but are "so like sense, they'll serve the turn as well." Their boldness, however, indicates the nature of the poet's mind—and may be taken as proofs of an original turn of thinking. No one but a poet would have risked them; and we are ready to confess that many lines, which a verbal critic would condemn, appeared to us full of poetical beauty.

The first tale is by far the longer and the better one. The scene

is laid, we might say, *on the lakes of Killarney*, the waters of which are for ever flowing—

“Calmly and stilly as the sound
Of music o’er enchanted ground.”

The poem opens with the description of a stag hunt:—

“The day is up! a splendid scene
For those who love the forest green;
And dell, and glen, and vale are rife
With youth’s expectancy and life.
Forth, from his quiet in the wood,
The roe-buck leaves his solitude.”

“The booming boats are on the waters,
The waves are dimpled with the oars,
And all the bright of Erin’s daughters
Is banded on those leafy shores.
Oh! fair the scene, where maiden eye
Beams, in its fondness, lovingly;
Where the won soul of kindling youth
Throbs with the vow of plighted truth,
And every lip and every brow
Is touched with beauty’s hallowing glow;
While, in their own light’s galaxy,
Roll the flushed waters of the sea.
And such was Lough Lane, when the stag
Leaped from its covert in the crag.”

The stag being taken, the hero of the poem approaches a boat, where, beside her aged father, sat his ladye-love:—

“There, in her hour of beauty smiling,
She looked upon the rest,
With eye, that shone as if beguiling
All that harrowed, from the breast.
Oh! she—that maid—was lovelier far
Than northern virgins often are!
Her’s was the aspect of the south,
Sunny and soft and bright—
Their blush and cheek—their ruby mouth—
Their glance of love and light!
Her’s was the sunshine of the heart,
From revel and from earth apart;
Making her own deep passions find
Existence for her spirit mind!”

It is usual, after a stag hunt on these beautiful waters, for the company to dine on one of its secluded islands, and our poet has not forgotten to picture such a scene:—

“The moon is on its skiey path,
Torched by the glow the twilight hath,
And ladies’ eyes were sheening bright
In Innisfallen’s isle to-night.
Blissful and happy many a band
Of love and youth are on its strand:

And never hath the poet's lyre
 Awoke to scenes of brighter beaming ;
 And never hath his words of fire
 Sung to young eyes of softer seeming !
 The moon is out ; its lamp hangs forth
 To gild the diamond caves of earth ;
 And as it spreads its panoply
 Of wreathed vapour o'er the sea,
 Serenely the lake-waters stray
 In the white tracery of its ray.
 " The soul of music and of song
 Came in its flash of life around,
 While gentle hearts throbbed loud and long,
 As echo caught the silver sound.
 Pleasure on earth, the revel hours
 Winged on their course of balm and flowers ;
 While through the gardens of that isle,
 Its myrtle groves and abbey pile,
 Many a braided maiden sped
 To track the path that fancy led ;
 To look on heaven, and match the skies
 With the blue star-blaze of her eyes."

We cannot pursue the story further ; but we have said enough, we are sure, to induce our fair readers to peruse the work of a poet who can thus picture such lovely scenes, and people them with such ethereal beings.

As an appropriate offering at this season, when the vegetable kingdom is peculiarly interesting, an author, deeply skilled in

" Plants, trees, and stones,
 Birds, insects, beasts, and many rural things,"

has published "The Journal of a Naturalist." The study to which it invites is curious and pleasing ; and the writer has endeavoured to make it as attractive as possible.

The seventh volume of Dr. Lingard's History of England has made its appearance ; and Mr. Sharon Turner's History of the Reigns of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, has been published within, we believe, the same week. Both historians, though writing with different views, are remarkable for research and ingenuity ; and history, in their hands, is no longer a dull romance. The facts which their diligence brings to light are calculated to correct the notions which are too often entertained respecting past events and public men, who no longer "fret their little hour" on the political stage.

Mr. Brayley, a member of the Society of Antiquaries, has published a work, in four volumes, full of curious matter respecting the metropolis. It is entitled "Londiniana ; or Reminiscences of the British Metropolis." Some of Mr. Brayley's anecdotes are curious and new, but, as might be expected, the major part of

the matter which is to be found in his volumes has been long before the public in a variety of forms. Hughson's admirable and learned History of London appears to have supplied him with most of his facts.

Among the books of travels which have recently appeared none have excited more attention than "Travels in Arabia. By the late John Lewis Burckhardt." This enterprising man may be said to have traversed distant lands in a true spirit of benevolence. He wished to make the civilized world acquainted with the inhabitants of less-favoured climes, without the remotest reference to his own interests; and none of his works are better calculated than the one before us to ensure his memory the respect of all lovers of their kind.

While Pisaroni is delighting one sense, at least, with her voice in the Haymarket, artists of a different character are busy in preparing a feast for another. The British Gallery has opened with a very splendid display of art, and the Exhibition at Somerset-house will, in the ensuing season, we understand, be more decidedly creditable to the arts than any that has taken place for some years.

Talking of the arts reminds us of some inimitable etchings by George Cruikshank, just published, under the title of "London Characters." Every one, from the parish beadle to the liveried footman, whose pursuits impart peculiarities to their costume and persons, have had their portraits taken by this extraordinary artist, and the fidelity with which he has executed his task is not more remarkable than the manner in which he has contrived to banish vulgarity from a subject identified with the associations of low life. The Dustman, and the little Sweep on May morning, flaunting in ribbons, yellow-ochre, and coloured paper, strike us as among the best of Mr. Cruikshank's "London Characters."

Embellished books appear to be now the rage. Our "Annuals," it might be thought, would satisfy the lovers of illustrated volumes, but Sir Walter Scott thinks otherwise, and has accordingly issued a prospectus of a new edition of the Waverley novels. It is to be published in a small form and at a low price. The worthy author is to correct the text, and supply notes, containing accounts of the circumstances connected with the first publication of these delightful fictions, and of the sources from which Sir Walter derived his incidents and descriptions. In addition to this the whole series will be embellished with engravings by and after the most celebrated artists. A volume will be published monthly, the first to appear in June.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

EVENING DRESS.

A DRESS of bright jonquil satin, with a broad hem round the border, headed by a narrow rouleau. From the waist descend three broad satin ribands, of the same colour, which, extending as they attain the border, are finished by very large, full-blown Provence roses and bows of jonquil riband. The body is made plain to fit the shape, and pointed. The sleeves short, with cleft mancherons. The hair is arranged *à la fantasia*, with curls on one side of the face, and a Madonna braid on the other: a plait of hair crosses the upper part of the forehead, *en bandeau*, and two large puffs of hair form the Apollo-knot on the summit of the head: beneath that on the right side is a full-blown rose, and in the division made by the two puffs, entirely on the summit, is a light-blue China-aster. The ear-pendants are of pale gold; and a necklace, formed of twisted rows of pearls, is fastened in front with a cameo.

WALKING DRESS.

A high dress of green satin, the colour of the young laurel-leaf; with a broad hem at the border, headed *en Vandyke*. The body plain, with a fichu pelerine, trimmed round with a frill of satin. Sleeves *à la Mameluke*, the fullness confined at the wrist by very broad bracelets of wrought gold. A double ruff of blond encircles the throat. The hat worn with this dress is of black velvet, trimmed at the crown with the same material, *en fers de cheval*, and blue riband, of which there are rosettes under the brim of the hat, mingled with yellow; the rosettes composed of an equal quantity of the two ribands.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

The evening parties are now becoming truly brilliant; fashion has put on her most gay and superb attire, and a few select balls have already taken place. London is filled by a splendid crowd, composed of the higher members of rank, wealth, and beauty, offering all that can charm or embellish human life. This great metropolis, with Britain's unrivalled daughters, form the wonder of the stranger, and the pride of her inhabitants; that modest grace which distinguishes her females gives to them the peculiar attraction, which, even in the eyes of foreigners, declares their superiority over those of other nations.

Sorry, however, we are to find that fashion is so despotic a power as to cause a lady to destroy the graces of her form and figure by adopting it, indiscriminately, whatever that figure may be



EVENING COSTUME. WALKING DRESS.

FRENCH COSTUME FOR MARCH 1839.

Published by James Reddy & Co. London



—short or tall, slender or plump: we have seen a very charming little female, of the latter description, certainly below the common height, but not ill-made; these enormous sleeves made her form appear as grotesque as the disproportioned shadows of a magic lantern; for, actually, from one shoulder to the other was quite as much as her height. Such sleeves do not look well on any one. The favourite manner of trimming gowns for half-dress is by one broad flounce round the border. Pointed zones, much too long-waisted for either grace or beauty, encircle the waist, trimmed in front with two rows of small buttons: the corsage made plain, and partially low, with the sleeves *à l'Amadis*, and gauntlet-cuffs, ornamented by small buttons. Flounces, on evening dresses, are often festooned, and are of broad rich blond. Crape dresses at balls are very prevalent; the favourite border is a broad bias fold of satin, the colour of the dress, which is sometimes surmounted by tucks or narrow rouleaux; the corsage and sleeves are also of satin: a double-falling tucker of blond surrounds the waist. Many young ladies wear, at evening parties, dresses of white tulle over coloured satin; sometimes, at full-dress parties, this costume is trimmed with flowers.

Many black bonnets are now seen trimmed and lined with pink, or *ponçeau*; and a few coloured satin bonnets continue to be worn in carriages: when these are adorned with feathers they are generally of the aigrette kind. We have seen a purple bonnet lined with white, and trimmed with a rich striped riband of canary-yellow and blue; this bonnet was of a charming shape, not too large, and was truly becoming to the fair wearer. We look for an early change in the bonnets and hats when the weather shall become more settled; for the ladies begin to be weary of the sombre monotony of black velvet.

At the Italian opera more *bérets* have been observed than dress-hats; in front the *bérets* may be mistaken for the latter, especially as they now, many of them, fasten up in front, in the Spanish style; this renders them more becoming than formerly: plumage of various kinds ornaments these head-dresses; on some are seen the bird of paradise, on others aigrettes, formed of herons' feathers. At evening parties and concerts, young ladies wear their hair adorned with flowers, which are sometimes composed of gold or silver; and dress-hats, worn by matrons, are of watered white silk or crape, ornamented with white plumage, the edge encircled, and the trimming on the crown entwined, by pearls, tassels of which depend over the right side of the throat, and have a very

elegant effect. Puffs of gauze riband, with narrow thread-stripes of gold, continue in favour, and are tastefully mingled among light and transparent bows of hair. Brilliants, set in a diadem, are the most favoured jewellery ornaments for the hair, when in full dress : these valuable gems are also seen at the opera on turbans of silver gauze ; but they appear to much more advantage on those of black velvet. The Greek style of arranging the hair is most fashionable ; but it is elevated too much on the summit to be classical : the Apollo-knot should be placed more backward. The present way, however, of arranging this *coiffeure* looks well, as the braids forming this knot are entwined with two or three rows of pearls ; the same articles forming a bandeau, which crosses over the forehead. Caps of black blond, *en Paon*, ornamented with red roses, and pink satin riband, are still in vogue ; and the caps of white blond, with flowers, for half dress, and those finished in a more simple style for home costume, are of a very charming make, and are truly becoming, but they require to be put on with taste, and the hair, of which they discover one side, should be fashionably and well-arranged : the clusters of curls, which should be the style under this cap, are however, carried out from the face to a too wide extent.

The pelisses are chiefly of satin, and have two pelerine-capes, finished at the edges by narrow rouleaux ; their trimming is very simple, and some are made entirely plain. A few Merino pelisses were seen during the severe weather which marked the beginning of February, trimmed with fur ; these, though laid aside for a short time, will, no doubt, be resumed during the boisterous days of March. Cloaks are little worn at the promenade ; in the carriage, and for evening parties, they still prevail. The collars are often of plush silk, the same colour as the cloak. Velvet pelisses are much in favour ; very few that are black, and those which are coloured are confined to the carriage ; these pelisses are generally trimmed with ermine, swansdown, or the fur of the light grey American squirrel.

The colours most admired are lapis-blue, Etruscan-brown, vermilion, blue, pink, amber, and Egyptian-sand.

Modes de Paris.

WALKING DRESS.

A pelisse of velvet, the colour of the Parma-violet, with a broad hem at the border, headed by a rich silk cordon of the same colour as the pelisse. The sleeves *à la Mameluke*, with a tight cuff at the wrist. A pelerine-cape, with a double *rûche* of black blond,





J.W.VON GOETHE.

Drawn by Ferd. Jagemann — Engraved by A. Cooper

Published by J. Robins & Co. London April 1852